

No. 765.

MAY 28, 1920.

7 Cents

# FAME <sup>AND</sup> FORTUNE WEEKLY.

## STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

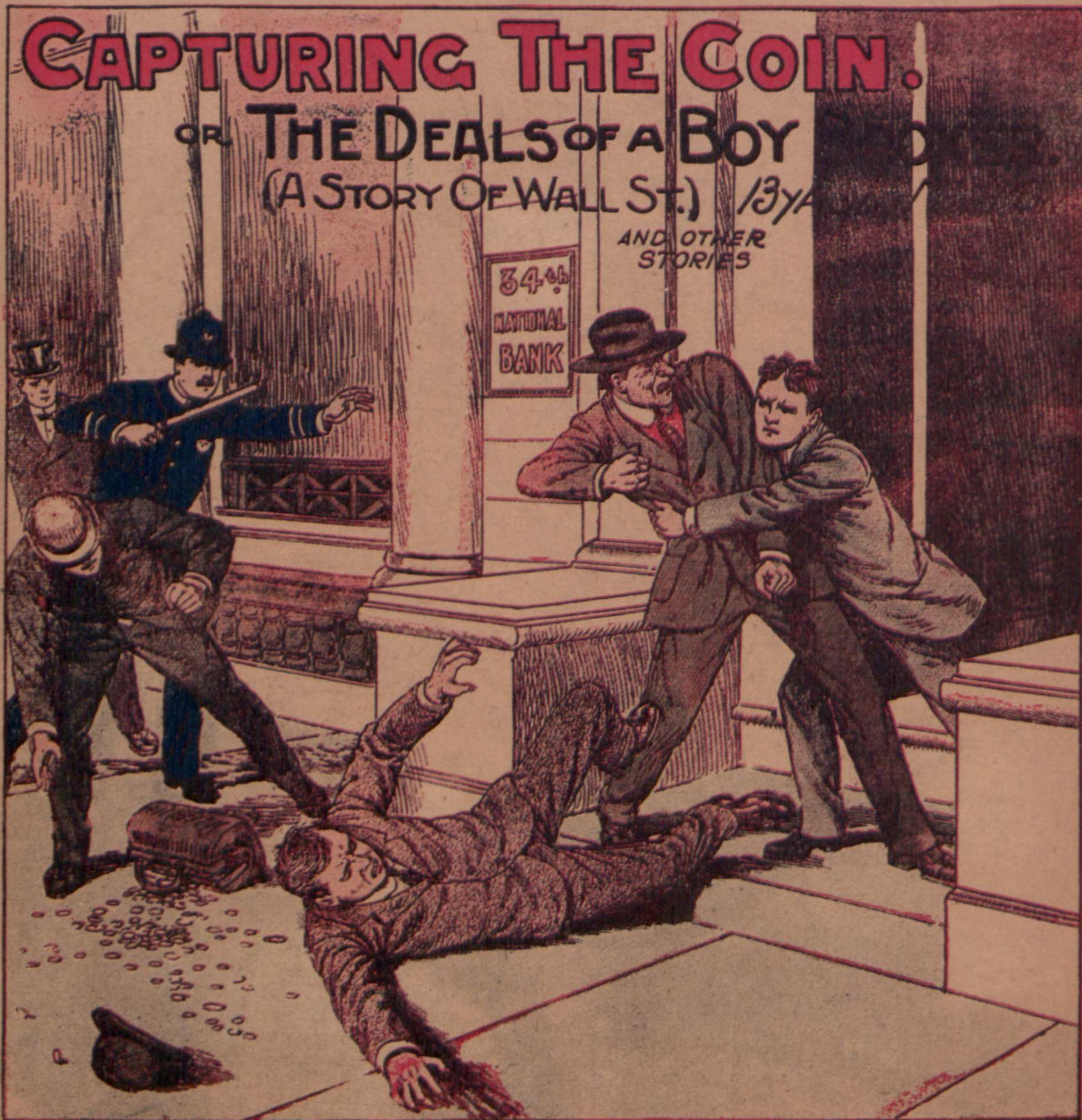
### CAPTURING THE COIN.

OR THE DEALS OF A BOY

(A STORY OF WALL ST.)

By A. J. HARRIS

AND OTHER  
STORIES



As Will left the building with the satchel, a smooth-faced man standing near put out his foot and the boy tripped and fell, the satchel flying from his hand. Hal, suspecting the fellow's motive, rushed out and seized him.







# FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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## CAPTURING THE COIN

### Or, THE DEALS OF A BOY BROKER

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

#### CHAPTER I.—Home From Wall Street.

"Hello, dad, I'm back again, like a bad penny," exclaimed Harry Hall, clasping the extended hand of a sunburned, agricultural-looking man of fifty years, who stood on the platform of the small railroad station at Mayville, Pa.

"You're looking fine, son," said the senior Hall, giving the boy a hug and a kiss. "I hardly knew you when you stepped off the train."

"Have I changed so much as that, dad?" laughed Hal.

"Yes, you've changed a whole lot during the two years you've been away. New York seems to have done you a powerful lot of good. Your mother and sisters are just crazy to see you, which is natural, and they'll be tickled to death with your appearance. Is that your trunk yonder and grip?"

"Yes, dad."

"Then you intend to stay a few weeks with us?" said his father in a tone of satisfaction.

"I expect to unless something turns up to change my arrangements."

"Here comes Benton, the station agent. You remember Benton, don't you?"

"Sure I do," said Hal. "Hello, Josh?"

The agent stopped and looked hard at Hal.

"Why, if it ain't Harry Hall," he suddenly exclaimed, holding out his hand with a broad grin. "Blamed if I know'd you at first. You've got to be a regular dood."

"I hear you are down in the financial district of New York now. Do you know a fellow by the name of Burt Harris. He was here last summer. He said he was the smartest messenger in Wall Street, and put up a big bluff with the girls here. He said he didn't know you."

"Well, I know him and he knows me, all right. Will you drag my trunk over to the wagon, Josh?"

"Certainly," said the agent, grabbing the handle and lugging it across the platform while Hal followed with his suit-case.

Farmer Hall helped him lift it into the light wagon, Hal threw his suit-case in under the seat, and then sprang up and took his place.

"Good-by, Josh. I'll see you later," cried the boy, as the rig rolled off up the country road, away from the direction where the village lay.

Although Hal had been absent from Mayville and vicinity for two years, everything looked familiar to him.

"I could almost fancy I had never been away from here, dad," said Hal, as he gazed around, with the same feeling that one experiences when

he meets with a very old friend he hasn't seen for years.

"Things look familiar, do they, son?" smiled Hall, senior.

"Very."

"Rather different from the city, eh?"

"I should say so. I don't see why you never came on to visit me. The big skyscrapers of lower Manhattan would have made your eyes bulge."

"I was always thinking of making the trip, but somehow I never could get to the point of starting. There is so much to be done on the farm, and help is scarce and not always reliable. Then your mother and sisters felt nervous about being left alone, particularly after our next neighbor's place was robbed by tramps when he was away. They tied his wife and little girl up in the bedroom, and cleaned out everything of value they could take away."

"When did that happen?"

"Early last fall. And the preceding spring Mr. Taylor's place was raided by several rascals who set fire to the barn before they were beaten off. Those kind of things are enough to make the women folk nervous. Nothing might have happened if I'd gone to New York, but I was afraid to take the chances. As long as we knew you were well, and heard from you regularly, we judged you were all right; and we felt sure you'd come home and see us when you got the chance."

"I might have come before, dad—made a flying trip when I got my annual vacation—but the first time I was invited to go to the seashore by the boss, and I couldn't very well refuse, and the second chance I had a friend of mine persuaded me to go to the Catskills with him. I couldn't resist the temptation of visiting the mountains, and there you are."

"It's all right, son, since you've come at last. How much of a vacation have you got this time?"

"As long as I want."

"As long as you want!" exclaimed his father.

"Yes, I'm out of a job."

"How came you to lose your position?"

"The boss was caught in a slump and went to the wall. He was so deeply involved that he committed suicide, and the business is being wound up by a receiver. The receiver and I had a scrap day before yesterday, and I quit then and there. I only anticipated my finish by a month or less, for nobody was left but the head book-keeper and one of the junior clerks."

"What do you intend doing now?"



"I haven't quite decided, but I have an idea of starting out for myself."

"What, as a broker?"

"Yes."

"But that'll take money, won't it?"

"Yes; but not a whole lot to start with in a modest way. I've made a few hundred dollars through deals in the stock market; but as it'll cost something to rent an office in a modern building, and furnish it up, I'll need more than I have got. I thought maybe you'd stake me."

"I dunno, son. I ain't very flush. Crops ain't what they were, and help is dearer than when you were here. Your mother has tried to help out by taking in some boarders this season. We put an advt. in the railroad book, and in one of the New York papers."

"Did you catch any one?"

"Yes. We've got a lady and her daughter from New York. The lady is under the weather, and came to the country on the advice of her doctor. Her nerves are affected, and she had to have complete rest and quiet, with pure country air."

"She'll get that here."

"Yes, she's doing nicely. Picked up greatly since she's been here. They are very nice, refined people, and we like them very much indeed."

"You were in luck to get hold of such boarders. It isn't usually such people who come to farm-houses," said Hal. "It is generally the poor folk, who stay anywhere from a week to a month, according to their finances, and some never think they can get enough for their money."

By that time they had reached the Hall farm and turned into the lane which led up to the house. It was evident that they were expected, for there was a bunch of the fair sex on the veranda arrayed in white—Hal's mother and sisters, and the two boarders. The moment the light wagon turned into the yard, Hattie and Fanny Hall could repress their impatience no longer, but dashed down the steps and flung their arms around their brother's neck as he sprang to the ground. The prodigal son could not have had a more royal welcome home.

## CHAPTER II.—The Midnight Visit.

"You dear boy!" cried Hattie.

"My darling brother!" exclaimed Fannie.

Then they hugged him and smothered him with kisses. Hal responded as a brother might be expected to do under the circumstances, and the three walked up to the eager mother who was coming forward to greet the son she had not seen in two years but never had forgotten. There was another embrace and several kisses for the home-comer, who certainly astonished his family by his improved appearance, and then he was introduced to Mrs. Milton and her daughter Jessie. Jessie Milton was an uncommonly fine girl, as pretty as a picture, and as unassuming as she was lovely in face and figure.

Hal was tremendously impressed by her, and he liked her mother, too. He held a kind of levee on the piazza for fifteen or twenty minutes before he found a chance to go to his room to remove the effects of his railroad journey. By the time

he had freshened himself up the bell rang for supper, and he joined his people and the two boarders at the table, where a seat was reserved for him beside his mother, who proudly viewed her manly-looking boy.

It was the liveliest supper the old farmhouse had witnessed in many a day. Hal wasn't the kind of boy to let things lag when he was the center of interest. A two-years' boarding-house experience had taught him how to make himself agreeable to all kinds of people under all circumstances. Jessie Milton, who was accustomed to the best society, was favorably taken with him. First impressions go a long way, and he could easily have killed himself with her during the first hour of their acquaintance, for without nice manners his stylish appearance and good looks would have cut no ice with her. Her mother also took a decided liking to him, and when she put her stamp of approval on a person it counted a great deal in that person's favor. Hal was the whole thing that evening, and he accepted the situation with due modesty and a whole lot of inward satisfaction.

"How long are you going to stay with us, Harry?" asked Fannie.

"Till you get tired of me," he laughed.

"That will be never, brother, dear."

"Well, I may stay the rest of the summer."

"That will be just lovely," said Hattie.

"I suppose business is dull in Wall Street at this season?" said Fannie.

"It is rather flat. Most of the brokers are out of town with their families at the seashore or mountains."

"So there was little for you to do, and to that fortunate circumstance we owe the pleasure of having you with us," said Hattie.

"That's about the size of it, Hat, but the chief reason is because my employer's failure and tragic death put me out of business," he said.

This answer caused considerable surprise and, of course, Hal had to explain the catastrophe more fully. Hal then began talking about the farm, and for a while the financial district of New York was relegated to the background. It was like old times to turn into the bed he hadn't slept in for two years, and that fact, together with the quietude of the country, aside from the usual nocturnal noises of the night, kept Hal awake for some time.

At last he fell asleep. While he slept the moon rose and flooded the landscape with its silvery light. It shone in through Hal's window, painting a reproduction of the window in outline against the wall opposite the foot of the boy's bed. Suddenly Hal awoke, something unusual with him. As he raised himself on his elbow his eyes rested on the reflection on the wall.

"Ah, the moon is up!" he said to himself. "I wonder what time it is?"

He was not greatly curious on the subject, not enough to get up, strike a match and look at his watch. He was about to turn over when he heard a noise and saw on the wall the silhouette of a head rise on the outside of the window. In an instant he knew that a man was there, and that man could not have got there without the aid of a ladder. It was probably the placing of that ladder that had aroused him from his sleep. It didn't take Hal more than a second to realize that



he had an intruder to deal with, and as midnight prowlers of this kind generally traveled in pairs, there were doubtless two of them on the ladder. Hal was naturally a quick-witted boy, and his Wall Street experience had developed that faculty.

Glancing toward the window, he saw a head thrust into the room. He remained as still as a mouse. As the man turned his face in his direction the moonlight gave him a partial view of his features. He was a hard-looking character, with a two-weeks' growth of stubby beard that heightened his gaunt and hungry look. Not the kind of person that one would care to tackle under any circumstances. The fellow evidently made out the boy's figure in the bed, for he looked at it intently. Satisfied in his mind that the occupant of the room was asleep he withdrew his head to say something to his companion below him on the ladder. Hal was out of bed in an instant. He grabbed his water-pitcher and discharged its contents squarely at the intruder as he rose a step higher on the ladder.

The water itself could not hurt the man, but the shock of its unexpected contact startled the fellow so much that he started back, lost his hold and balance and fell, with a cry. His pal had no chance to avoid his descending body, and the result was he was swept from his place, as though struck by a club, and both rascals tumbled in a heap to the ground. Hal looked out and downward. He saw the half-stunned pair rolling at the bottom of the ladder. He flung the pitcher down at them. It barely missed the head of one of them and went to pieces with a crash that awoke the echoes of the night. It also awoke the hired man who slept in the next room over the kitchen. He jumped out of bed and stuck his head out of the window to see what had caused the noise. He saw the two men picking themselves up.

Whiz! Hal launched his soap-dish at the rascally pair. His aim was true and it caught one of them in the chest and he uttered a howl. The fellows did not wait to be bombarded further, but started on a limping run for the nearest fence. Hal pulled the ladder against the house and then flung the upper part outward. It crashed on the ground within a yard of the fleeing men and added more speed to their retreat. The fellow who had looked into Hal's room partly turned and shook his fist with an imprecation at the window. In another minute they were over the fence and making for a nearby patch of woods.

### CHAPTER III.—Hal Makes a Capture.

"Is that you, Sherman?" asked Hal, seeing the figure of the hired man at the window.

"Yes," replied Sherman. "Who were those two men?"

"Thieves. They were about to enter my room when I woke up and made matters interesting for them," said Hal.

"What did you do to them?"

Hal explained what he had done.

"Well, you're a plucky chap, Master Hal. It's a wonder they were able to get away after the fall they had," said the hired man.

"Some people are more lucky than they deserve to be," replied Hal. "How came that ladder to be around the house to tempt such rascals to try an easy mode of entrance to the house?"

"There was no ladder around the house. They must have found it under the barn, where it is kept, and brought it here for the purpose they used it for."

"Well, they're gone, so we might as well turn in. The ladder can lie where it is, for it is hardly likely that those fellows will come back after the experience they have had. Too bad we haven't a telephone connection with the village so that we could put the constable on their track without delay. It is likely they will be miles away in the morning," said Hal.

The men were by this time out of sight, so Hal partly closed his window and returned to bed. It took him a full half hour to get to sleep again, and then he slept serenely until morning. Farmer Hall was up with the sun, and he found his hired man in the yard, lugging the ladder to the barn. He was astonished to see the ground littered with broken crockery. Sherman told him what had happened during the night, and the farmer was not a little amazed at the effective way in which his son had handled and defeated the midnight ruffians. Hal did not show himself until the breakfast bell rang, and then he took his seat at the table without saying a word about his night's experience.

"Son," said Hall, senior, "Sherman told me this morning that a couple of men tried to enter your room last night with the aid of one of our ladders, which are kept under the barn, and that you woke up in time to put them to flight."

His remarks took everybody at the table, except Hal, by surprise. After the meal Hal enjoyed a conversation on the veranda with Jessie Milton and her mother, which became a *tete-a-tete* with the young lady when Mrs. Milton went up to her room. Finally he asked her if she would like to take a walk.

"It's two years since I have been in this neighborhood, but I guess things have not altered so much but I can find myself around," he said, laughingly.

Jessie said she would be delighted to take a stroll with him and ran upstairs to get her hat. So off they went together, down the lane to the road, and then up the road to a by-lane, which they followed to the woods, the shade of which was grateful that hot morning. Finally they came to a spring near an old tumble-down shanty, and seated themselves on a decaying log to rest. Their backs were toward the shanty and consequently they did not see the unshaven and haggard faces of two men look out at the partly open doorway. The men saw them and immediately retired from the door. In a few minutes they reappeared with some caution and approached the two unsuspecting young people from behind.

The cracking of a dry branch under one of the men's feet caused Hal to look around. As he jumped to his feet, with an exclamation, he was seized by one of the men, while the other grabbed Jessie and clapped his hand over her mouth to shut off a scream. Hal did not prove an easy proposition to handle, but the man, having him at a disadvantage, finally threw him on the ground and hit him a clip with a club, which



quieted him effectually for the time being. The fellow then took his watch and a five-dollar bill, while his companion was relieving the girl of her chatelaine with its pendant watch. They bound Jessie's hands behind her, gagged her with a handkerchief and dragged both of their victims into the shanty, where they left them, closing the door on them. A few minutes afterward Hal regained his senses. The men had not taken the trouble to bind him, as they supposed he would remain dead to the world for some time to come. When he staggered to his feet he saw the predicament his companion was in and he quickly relieved her of the gag and her bonds. Jessie was pale and frightened.

"Those were the rascals who tried to enter the house last night," said Hal. "I recognized one of them. How long have we been here?"

"Only a few minutes."

"Then they've only been gone a short time?" he said.

"About five minutes."

"They've robbed me of my watch and a five-dollar bill. Did they take anything from you?"

"They took my gold watch."

"I must chase the rascals. Do you fear to remain here while I look around for them?"

"No, I will stay here till you come back, but be careful of yourself. You can hardly expect to do much against two men."

"Don't worry about me. I can't let those rascals get away with your property, nor mine, either, for that matter."

Hal stepped outside of the shanty and looked around on the ground for signs of footsteps. These were not easy to be seen as the ground was not soft enough. However, he saw where the grass had been pressed down, and taking that sign as a starter he found the light imprints of a boot here and there. That furnished the clue to the direction the men had taken.

He started off on their trail, though it was not at all certain that they had not branched off to the left or the right after they had gone a short distance. He soon struck a path that led down into a dell through which ran a brook. The path crossed the brook and went on to the fence that divided the Hall farm from the next one. The wood was pretty close down there, and presently Hal heard the sound of voices that he judged must be the men's. He advanced with due caution, gripping the stout stick he had picked up along the way. Parting the leaves here and there he at length saw the two rascals sitting on the ground near the brook, examining the two watches. They were estimating what they could get for them.

"We can get rid of them in Dover," said one of them.

Dover was the name of a town about fifteen miles away.

"They ought to fetch \$20," said the other man.

"One of them is worth more than that," said his companion.

"I know it, but we can't expect to get even half of what they are worth."

"Let's make a start. It isn't safe for us to linger around this neighborhood. As soon as that boy recovers his senses he'll put the constables on to us."

"Oh, he won't get over that tap I gave him

for some time," said the other, as he started to get up.

Before he could straighten up, Hal stepped out of the bushes, swung his stick and the fellow went flat on his face.

The boy then sprang at the other and smashed him, and he went down, half-stunned, too. Hal pulled the handkerchief out of one of the men's pocket and bound his hands behind his back. He served the other robber in the same way. Then with a piece of cord he found in one of their pockets, when searching for the watches and his money, he tied the right ankle of one to the left of the other.

"I guess they'll stay there till the constable comes after them," he said, in a tone of satisfaction, as he replaced his watch and chain in his vest, and pocked Jessie's watch and his own five-dollar bill.

The two rascals were fully conscious by this time and they glared at the boy and swore to get square with him. Hal paid no attention to them.

Leaving them where they lay he started back for the shanty. He found Jessie standing outside, watching for his return.

"Here's your watch, Miss Milton," he said.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Hal. How did you recover it? And I see you have your own chain on, too. How could you force those men to give up what they stole from us?"

"A stout stick is a pretty good argument, especially when you take the enemy off their guard," replied Hal, who then told her how he knocked the men out and tied them so they could not get away.

"You intend to notify the constable of the village and have them taken to jail," said the young lady.

"Of course. As there is no time to be lost over it we had better return to the house right away."

They made their way to the farmhouse by a short cut across the fields. Jessie hastened to tell her mother about the unpleasant adventure she and Hal had had during their walk, together with its sequel, while the boy went to the meadow, caught the saddle-horse and presently started for the village.

#### CHAPTER IV.—The Crock of Spade Guineas.

The constable was not at home. He had gone off with a deputy in search of the two rascals Hal had caught. The boy left word that the men had been caught and would be held at the Hall farm till the officer came after them. Hal reached home about dinner-time. His father and the hired man were in the yard washing up.

"Where have you been, son?" asked Hal, senior.

"To the village after the constable," replied Hal.

Hal told all about the encounter he and Jessie had had with the ruffians.

"I didn't intend that they should get off with our property if I could help it," he said, "so I started after them, leaving Miss Milton at the shanty."

Then Hal described how he surprised the men and put them out of business.

"Upon my word, son, you are sure some thief



catcher," said Hall, senior, in a tone of admiration. "Go with him, Sherman, and help bring those fellows here. I'll see that they are taken care of until Brown calls for them."

The robbers had been unable to escape from the condition the boy had left them in, for though they had tried hard to extricate themselves from their fix, they were unable to do so. Their ankles were freed and they were ordered to get up and start for the farm. Fifteen minutes later they were landed in the yard, where Farmer Hall saw that they were put in a secure place. Hal then went in to dinner, which was partly over.

"That's right, mother. You don't want to put yourself out on my account."

That afternoon he took Mrs. Milton and Jessie out driving, and when they got back he learned that Constable Brown had called for the prisoners and taken them away.

"He left word that you and Miss Milton will be expected to appear at the office of Justice Smith, at ten in the morning, to testify against those men," said his sister Fannie.

Hal and Jessie were on hand at the appointed time, and so was a crowd of the village people. There was no doubt about the prisoners' guilt, so the justice committed them to the county jail at Dover for trial, and they were taken there that afternoon by the constable and a deputy. They were tried at the next term of the court, convicted and sent to prison. During the next six weeks Hal took on a pretty good coating of tan. He was of considerable assistance to his father in the field, though he did not work regularly.

When the first of September came around, Hal began to consider that it was time for him to return to the city. The novelty attaching to his visit to the farm had worn off and he was eager to get back to Wall Street. His father had promised to let him have a couple of hundred dollars to help him make his start as a broker, and with the \$500 he had in bank he determined to hire desk-room in some office and speculate until he had captured enough coin to warrant his going to the expense of an office. If luck went against him, well, he would hunt up another job as messenger. As Hall, senior, did not feel that he could advance the money till he had collected on his crops, which would probably take another month, Hal decided to return to the city anyway and try his luck with his \$500.

Having announced to his mother and sisters, as well as Jessie, that the call of Wall Street was too strong for him to resist, he arranged to leave Mayville on the following Monday.

On Sunday afternoon he started out to bid good-by to all his village friends. He made his round on horseback as quick as he could, as he wanted to get home to supper and pass his last evening on the veranda with his folks and the charming Jessie. He had already received an invitation from Mrs. Milton to visit them at their home in New York, after they got back, which they expected would be in the early part of October, so he anticipated continuing his friendship with the lovely girl in the city. He got back just as supper was ready, and then it was that he remembered he had not said good-by to his old friend, Will Watson, the son of a neighboring farmer. As soon as supper was over he hastened to rectify the omission.

He took a short cut through the woods and made it still shorter by leaving the path at a certain point and pushing through a patch of shrubbery. Suddenly he heard a commotion in the thicket and following the sound to see what caused it, discovered a large rabbit entangled by a noose, which had caught one of its hind legs. The animal made more strenuous efforts to escape as Hal approached, but it was caught fast and couldn't get away. Hal stooped and looked at it. It had given up the unavailable struggle and crouched down in abject fear of its finish. Hal caught hold of the stout string which held it and followed it to its source, intending to detach it and give the rabbit its liberty. He found that the string was connected with a kind of canvas cover surrounding some object buried in the ground, which the rains of years had uncovered.

Hal's curiosity was aroused. Pulling out his knife he cut the string and let the rabbit escape, then he dug away some of the loose earth around the object and discovered that it was a crock. The cover of the crock was tightly closed with canvas. Apparently, something of importance must be in the crock, or why such care in sealing it up so tightly? Forgetting the errand he was bound on, Hal began to dig the soil from around the vessel. In the course of fifteen minutes he was able to free the crock so as to enable him to land it on the surface, which required something of an effort, as it was very heavy. He examined the crock in the falling light of dusk.

He had never seen such a vessel before. The canvas cover was in rags, and when he pulled what was left of it away he saw that the lid was secured by a piece of skin held tight by several rounds of catgut. It was easy now to remove the stone cover. He was not prepared for the surprise that was his when he caught sight of the contents of the vessel. The crock was full to the brim with old-fashioned spade guineas—English gold-pieces, of the value of twenty-one shillings, the coinage of which had long since been discontinued. Hal gave an exclamation of astonishment and stared at the money.

#### CHAPTER V.—Five Thousand Dollars.

"My gracious!" the astonished boy ejaculated. "This is real money, without a doubt. My! what a find!"

He pulled out several of the coins and looked at them as well as the waning light would permit. The profile of George III was stamped on one side of them, surrounded by the letters, "Rex Georgius III." They all bore the same date—1775.

"If this is full of these coins, which seems probable, there must be several thousands of dollars' worth of them. Talk about luck, I'm right in it with both feet."

The discovery of the crock of guineas changed Hal's plans. He decided to postpone his departure for a day or two. So instead of going on to bid his friend, Will Watson, good-by, he shouldered the crock and started back for home. The crock appeared to grow heavier as he proceeded, and he was forced to make half a dozen stops on the way. Finally he reached the farmhouse. Finding the kitchen door locked, he walked around, front, where the family and the two boarders were seated, enjoying the evening breeze. The



appearance of Hal, with an earthen crock on his shoulder, naturally called for some explanation.

"What have you got there, Harry?" asked Hattie.

"What does it look like?" he asked, as he dropped it on the veranda.

"A crock of some kind. What's in it? It appears to be heavy."

"If you guess what's in it you can have it," said Hal, feeling that the offer was a safe one.

"What are you going to do with it?"

Hattie declined to make a guess, but said:

"Take it to my room."

Hal picked up the crock and entered the house with it. He stowed it in his closet and came back to the veranda. Then he surprised everybody by saying that he was not going away in the morning.

"I'm going to stay over till Tuesday or Wednesday," he said.

"Isn't that nice!" cried Hattie.

Fanny and their mother concurred with her and said so. Jessie was also pleased to hear that Hal was going to prolong his stay for perhaps a couple of days, but she did not say so. The conversation then became general, and nobody thought enough of the stone crock to bring it up again. Thus the evening passed till nine o'clock came around, when Farmer Hall bade everybody good-night and retired. Hal's mother and sisters soon followed, and shortly after they went Mrs. Milton went to her room, leaving Jessie and Hal together, the last of the bunch. They stayed up till a little after ten and then went to their rooms. Hal lighted his lamp. He didn't feel a bit sleepy. How could he, with a crock of golden guineas in his possession?

He pulled the vessel from the closet, spread a newspaper on the floor and dumped all the money out on it. The gold made quite a pile. The coins were all new and bright, and their condition showed they had never been in general circulation. Hal wondered how they came to be buried in the spot where he found the crock. Owing to the fact that they all bore the profile of George III, as well as the date of the first year of the Revolutionary War, Hal came to the conclusion that the crock had been buried, for the sake of safety, during that conflict, and that whoever placed it there had been unable to return and recover it. It was clearly a case of findings keepings, and the boy congratulated himself over his astonishing piece of luck. He had been unexpectedly furnished with the capital he needed to make his start in Wall Street, and he began to count the number of coins, the intrinsic value of which was a little over \$5 each. It took him some time, but as it was a pleasant job he did not get tired of it. They footed up exactly 1,000.

"They'll fetch \$5,000 in New York," he thought. "It won't be necessary now for dad to advance me anything at all. I'll be able to start out in good shape with this capital, and I ought to be able to give a good account of it."

He returned the guineas to the crock, stuffed the mouth with part of the newspaper and went to bed. At the breakfast-table Hal told all about the crock and its contents. His mother, sisters and the Milton were naturally astonished. After the meal he took everybody up to his room and showed them the guineas. He was congratulated on his luck. In the course of the morning he

made suitable-sized packages of the gold, putting 200 of the coins in each. These he stowed away at the bottom of his trunk. Late in the afternoon he visited his friend, Watson.

"So you're going in the morning?" said Will.

"Yes."

"I wish I were going with you."

"I wish you were, too."

"I'd like to work in Wall Street. I'm tired of farming."

"I don't blame you. Farming is mighty hard work. You'd only have to work about seven hours a day in Wall Street—from nine till about four."

"That would be a regular cinch."

"You'd find you'd have to hustle during the seven hours. Nobody goes to sleep in Wall Street."

"I have to hustle on the farm from morning till night, except in the winter. Even then my father always finds something for me to do, if it's only mending an old piece of harness, or making all kinds of repairs."

"If I see a chance to get you a job in Wall Street I'll let you know, and then you can put it up to your father to let you come."

"All right. You let me know and I'll try and talk my father into letting me come on," said Will.

With that understanding the boys parted, and next morning Hal bade the farm good-by for another spell.

## CHAPTER VI.—Hal Puts It Over a Smart Clerk.

As soon as Hal reached New York he went direct to his former boarding-house to see whether he could get back there. He found that his room, which had been rented while he was away, had just been vacated, and the landlady was glad to have him reoccupy it. Hal felt he was lucky, for he preferred not to go to a strange boarding-house. His trunk was duly delivered by the transfer company, so he was relieved of any anxiety about his \$5,000 worth of guineas. Next morning he made his reappearance in Wall Street, and the first place he went to was a money broker's.

He disposed of the guineas for about \$5,000. Then he looked around for a small office in one of the Wall Street buildings. He found a single room on the sixth floor of the Bancroft Building, and hired it until the ensuing first of May, with the privilege of renewal. He had it furnished in a suitable manner and secured a ticker. All his furniture was secondhand, but in prime condition. His rug was new, and so were the few pictures he hung on the walls to relieve their barrenness. By Saturday noon, when business closed down in the Wall Street district, everything was in place and his printing and stationery had been delivered. He left his sign until the last, and the following was inscribed on his door:

"Harry Hall. Stocks."

The offices next to him were occupied by a brokerage firm called Skinner & Townsend. Hal was locking his door preparatory to starting uptown, when a couple of the clerks employed next door came out, on their way home. They saw Hal and noticed the new sign. They stopped to read it.



"I wonder who the new guy is?" said one. "He must be a cheap skate to have only one room, and a small one at that. He is probably some out-of-town jay trying to get a footing in Wall Street. He won't last."

"Are you the new broker's office boy?" asked the other of Hal.

"I am not. I'm the tenant of this room," replied Hal, in a dignified way.

"You are?" exclaimed the first speaker, looking Hal over in a supercilious way. "Why, you're only a kid."

"Judging from your manners, you're not much better than a kid yourself," replied Hal.

"What's that?" cried the clerk, aggressively.

"You heard what I said, unless you're deaf."

"You're an impertinent young jackanapes!" replied the clerk, angrily. "For two cents I'd take you across my knee and give you a spanking."

"Would you? I'll take you up. Here are the two cents," and Hal hauled the coppers out of his pocket. "Now start in, please, and see if you can make good."

The clerk was taken aback by the boy's resolute demeanor, and he began to take water.

"You're smart, aren't you?" he said, sneeringly.

"That has nothing to do with the question at issue. You said that for two cents you'd take me across your knee and spank me. I'm interested in finding out if you've got the sand to try it. If you can do it it will be an entertaining performance for your friend to witness."

At that point the head bookkeeper and the small office boy came out and they paused to see what was going on.

"Bah!" said the clerk, loftily. "Come on, Jenkins, let us go."

"Hold on!" said Hal. "You can't sneak out of the responsibility that way. I have dared you to make good. If you don't do it I shall pull your nose for you."

"How dare you, you impertinent monkey!" cried the clerk, turning very red.

"You began this matter yourself and you've got to see it through or apologize. Understand?"

"Me apologize! The idea!" exclaimed Clark.

Then Hal took the aggressive. He stepped forward, caught Clark by the nose and gave it a hard tweak.

"Now you can go, you puppy!" he said.

A pretty stenographer came out of the office at that moment.

That was the last straw with the clerk. To be humiliated in the presence of the stenographer was more than he could stand. With a cry of rage he struck at the boy, but by a quick dodge Hal avoided his fist, which passed over his shoulder. The young broker, with the agility of a young monkey, slipped behind the clerk, grabbed him by his collar and the seat of his trousers and ran him clear to the elevator, in spite of the most desperate opposition on his part. The sight was so irresistibly comical that the spectators could not help a general laugh at Clark's expense. Hal dropped him and stepped back on the defense. The clerk made a frantic dash at him. Hal sidestepped and Clark went bang against the wall. Then the elevator came along and the stenographer, with a smile on her countenance, stepped in and Hal followed her. The others, with the ex-

ception of Clark and Jenkins, got in and the cage went down.

## CHAPTER VII.—Hal Meets Burt Harris

Nobody in the elevator knew Hal, nor had they any idea of the cause of the disturbance on the sixth floor. As far as appearances went, he appeared to be a young gentleman of attractive personality, between eighteen and nineteen years. The stenographer glanced furtively at him, and though he had just done up one of the clerks in her office, she did not seem to bear him any ill-will.

Hal appeared at his office about half-past nine on Monday morning. The first thing he did was to look over the daily market report of Saturday's operations, and then he devoted an hour to the perusal of the Wall Street daily he had subscribed for. After that he locked up and went down to the Curb Exchange to see how things were going on there. He spent half an hour there and then went up to a little banking and brokerage house on Nassau street to watch the blackboard at that place. He could have seen the same quotations on the ticker tape at his office, but a person could follow the market better where they were chalked up on a wide blackboard, all in sight at one time. Besides, Hal liked company, and there was plenty of that in the reception-room of the little bank.

While there he noticed that C. & D. stock was creeping up the scale. C. & D. was good stock to speculate in under certain conditions. Hal thought the conditions favorable at that moment, so he returned to the office, got \$3,000 of his capital, returned to the little bank and put it up as marginal security on 300 shares of C. & D., at 94. When he went to lunch it had gone up a whole point. Instead of patronizing his old quick-lunch house, Hal dropped into a cafe on Broad street, known as the Empire, where brokers were always to be found, either drinking or getting their lunch. Lunch was served there between eleven and half-past two, and unless there was something of importance going on at the Stock Exchange there was usually a big crowd in the cafe between one and two.

It was one when Hal got there, and the place was filling up. There was a counter presided over by a white-capped cook, where customers not particularly hungry could get a sandwich, or something on that order, handed out to them, which they ate standing around. Those who came for a regular lunch took their places at the tables in the little booths and ordered what they preferred from a regular bill-of-fare. Hal found a seat at a small table behind the last booth in the row. He ordered a light lunch and while waiting to be served he became interested in a conversation going on in the booth.

"I don't know where you got your information from, Mudgett, but if you think the X. & Y. is going into the hands of a receiver you're away off," said a voice. "I've got the tip straight from a reliable source that it is about to be absorbed by the T. & P., and when that fact gets to be public property, with the official stamp to it, the preferred stock will take a big jump."

"Are you buying it on the strength of that?" asked Mudgett.



"I am, and I advise you to do the same."

"You may be right, but I know there are lots of the traders who are selling short because it is confidently believed in the Street that the road is bankrupt and will default on the interest of their first mortgage bonds next week."

"I know there are, and those chaps are going to get caught in the shuffle. You will see the biggest rush to cover in a coon's age, and it's going to cost them money to get out. When that stock starts to jump it will jump with both feet, and it will have wings on to boot."

"How much have you bought?"

"Quite a block, and I'm goin' to keep on buying as long as I can raise the coin to pay for it."

"It seems to me you are taking rather reckless chances."

"I don't think so. I'm willing to back X. & Y. with my last cent."

"Well, I'll consider what you've told me."

"You haven't much time to consider it. The news is liable to get out and be confirmed at any moment. Then it will boom so quick that you won't have time to make a whole lot out of it."

That was all Hal heard, for the waiter appeared with his lunch, and soon afterward the two brokers left the booth. The boy was much impressed by what he had learned, and he determined to sell out his C. & D. shares and buy 500 shares of X. & Y. When he got back to the little bank he found that C. & D. was up to 96 3-8. He ordered the stock sold and it was done in a few minutes. He figured up his profit on the quick deal at \$600. He went to the office and got \$1,400 of his remaining \$2,000 and returned to the bank. He arranged that, with what was coming to him and the additional amount, the bank should buy 500 shares of X. & Y. for his account. Next day he was notified that the stock had been purchased at 80.

Hal put several of the habitues of the little bank on to the probability of a good rise in X. & Y., and some of them took advantage of it. The more cautious ones who were afraid to make the plunge were sorry when things turned out as Hal predicted they would, and the stock took a big jump on the announcement of the consolidation. What the broker predicted also came to pass—the brokers who had been selling short on the assumption that the road was sure to go into the hands of a receiver were caught in the shuffle and hastened to change front in order to save their fleece. Most of them were badly pinched before they succeeded in securing enough of the stock to meet their engagements. While the boom was on, the board-room was the scene of tremendous excitement. The efforts of the shorts to buy helped to send the price higher than it might otherwise have gone, and it finally reached 100 and a fraction. Hal wouldn't take any more chances on it and sold at that figure, making a profit of \$10,000.

"I guess I didn't make any mistake in starting out for myself," he wrote his father. "In about a week I've cleared \$10,600 on two deals, and now my capital has increased to three times what I had when I started in. That's going some, isn't it, dad? Give my love to mother and the girls, and my best regards to Mrs. Milton and her daughter. Tell Hat and Fan to write and let me know all the news, and tell mother to add a few words, if it be only a postscript."

He took the letter out to post it and ran against Burt Harris.

"Hello, Harris!"

"Hello, yourself! How are things coming?"

"My way at present. Look here, Harris, why didn't you tell me that you were out to Mayville a year ago on your annual vacation?"

"I did tell you," said Harris.

"No, you didn't."

"I thought I did. What's the difference if I forgot?"

"Not a whole lot, but I'd like to know why you pretended not to know me when John Benton, the station agent, asked you if you were acquainted with me."

"Why should I pretend not to know you? That hayseed must have been dreaming if he told you such a thing as that."

"Benton isn't one of the dreaming kind. He told me that you put up a big bluff about yourself. You told some of the village girls you got acquainted with that you made money hand-over-fist in the market, and that you expected to be taken into the firm of Duprez & Co. when you got back. Well, are you the junior partner?"

"Of course I'm not. I was just jollying the girls."

"Wanted to make yourself the big I am, eh?"

"What of it? Were you out there this summer?"

"I was. My father has a farm three miles out of the village. You found that out, didn't you?"

"Yes. I stopped at the White farm. The old man told me that his neighbor, Farmer Hall, had a son in Wall Street, and I knew he referred to you."

"I think you're the limit, Harris."

Harris grinned.

"What are you doing now?" he asked. "Working for a new boss?"

"No, I'm working for myself."

"At what?"

"A business you'll never make a success at."

"What kind of business is that?"

"Capturing the coin."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Making money, if that's plainer to your comprehension."

"How are you making it?"

"By attending strictly to business."

"Say, don't try to be so funny. Why don't you tell a fellow what you're driving at?"

"Well, I'm speculating in the market, if you want to know real bad."

"Speculating! Did your father mortgage his farm to stake you?"

"He did not."

"Then where did you get the money to speculate with?"

"That is one of my professional secrets."

"I guess you haven't a whole lot."

"If you guess long enough, Harris, you may come within a mile or two of the truth."

"I guess you won't last long at the business."

"I'll last longer than you probably will with Duprez & Co., though you have been with the firm three years."

"Is that so? Smart, aren't you?"

With a snort of disgust, Harris turned on his heel and walked off, while Hal returned to his office, chuckling at having handed it to a boy he didn't like.



## CHAPTER VIII.—Hal Captures Coin.

When Hal got back to his office he found the small office boy of his neighbors—Skinner & Townsend—knocking at the door.

"Hello, sonny!" said Hal. "Do you want to see me?"

"Yes. I wanted to hand you a tip. You remember the chap you made walk Spanish to the elevator last Saturday?"

"Yes. He's a clerk in your office, I believe."

"He's the margin-clerk. His name is Frank Clark. He's dead sore on you for the showing-up you gave him."

"I'm sorry, but it was his fault."

"He's going to try and get square with you."

"Is he?"

"Yes. I heard him talking it over with Jenkins, the second bookkeeper."

"What does he expect to do?"

"He knows a sport and amateur slugger up-town. He's going to get him to come down some afternoon this week, then he, Jenkins and the slugger will pay you a visit. Clark will demand that you apologize on your knees to him for insulting him. If you refuse the slugger will be expected to mix things up for you."

"So he intends to do that? It is a silly trick."

"Sure it is, for you could have the slugger arrested for butting in, and afterward you could lay for Clark and make him walk Spanish again," grinned the boy.

"I'm much obliged to you for handing me this advance information about the intention of Clark."

"You're welcome. He's a lobster and nobody likes him in the office. He puts on a lot of airs, is soft on the typewriter and orders me around as if he was one of the bosses. You took him down in good shape on Saturday, and it hurt him worse because Miss Baker saw all that happened to him."

"Miss Baker—that's the stenographer?"

"Yes. She's a nice girl. She doesn't like Clark for sour apples, but he is always buzzing her when he gets the chance. He hasn't been near her this morning. I guess he's ashamed after what happened."

The boy said he would have to get back in the office.

"I sneaked out to put you wise to Clark's intentions, for I don't want to see him get the bulge on you. You've got pluck, and you can handle Clark to the queen's taste, and I like you. I heard Miss Baker tell the head bookkeeper that she guessed you didn't treat Clark any worse than he deserved. She knows the kind of fellow he is, and I'll bet it tickled her when she saw you make him look ridiculous."

The boy, who said his name was Jimmy Dunn, retired to his own office, while Hal let himself into his. The young broker was not at all disturbed by the news Jimmy Dunn had brought him. He had some doubts that any friend of Clark's would lend himself to such a scheme as the one outlined. If the sport and slugger in question did it would be dollars to doughnuts that he would regret it. Hal spent the afternoon in his office, taking the quotations off the tape as they came in. When the exchanges closed for the day, he gave his attention to a Western news-

paper devoted entirely to mining interests. He was reading this when the door opened and a sharp-featured, well-dressed man walked in.

"You are Harry Hall, the new tenant, I believe?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Hal.

"My name is Skinner, of Skinner & Townsend, next door."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Skinner. Take a seat."

"Are you a newcomer to the city?" asked Skinner.

"No, sir. I've been here something over two years."

"You've been working for some broker, I presume?"

"I have."

"And you have just started out on your own hook?"

"That's right."

"Expect to do anything in a small room like this?"

"I expect to get along until business warrants my taking larger quarters."

"What are you doing at present—speculating?"

"A little."

"In mining stocks?"

"I haven't done anything in mining stocks so far."

"How would you like to take a flyer in the Two Orphans?"

"Never heard of the mine."

"It is listed on the Western exchanges, also at Jersey City, and is dealt in on the Curb occasionally. I've got 10,000 shares I could let you have."

"Thanks for the offer, but I don't care to buy any of it."

"There is Red Sox. Heard of that, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I guess it doesn't amount to much. It is quoted at only three cents."

"It's liable to go up any time. I'll sell you 20,000 shares at two and a half to get rid of it, for it's rather small potatoes for us to hold for a rise. You could do it and make some money out of it."

Hal shook his head.

"How would you like to tackle a copper stock? Copper is strong these days. I have 10,000 Alpha & Omega. It's quoted at 55 cents, but if you will take the block I'll make it an even 50. What do you say?"

"Don't care for it," replied Hal.

"Then I can't do any business with you?"

"No, sir, not in the propositions you have named."

"Well, if you buy any of the railroad stocks I should consider it friendly on your part if you favor our firm with your order. We'll carry any stock on the list for you on the usual ten per cent. margin, and treat you white," said Skinner, rising.

"All right, sir. I shall probably drop in and see you later."

"Do so, and I will introduce you to Mr. Townsend. Good-day."

A couple of days later Hal learned of a deal in L. & M. in which a number of the biggest operators in Wall Street were interested. As soon as he was satisfied that there was no mistake about his information, he returned to his



office, took \$10,000 out of his safe and, going around to the little bank, put it up as marginal security on 1,000 shares of the stock, which was then ruling at 85. As he walked away from the window he spied Burt Harris in the line of people who had come up to give in orders for the purchase or sale of stock.

"Hello, Harris!" he said. "Does your firm know you're wasting their time in here?"

"Don't you worry about my firm," growled Harris.

"Oh, I'm not worrying about your bosses, but as I saw Mr. Duprez come in here a moment or two ago and walk into the cashier's room, I thought I'd tip you off."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed Harris, with a scared look, leaving his place in the line and making a break for the door, through which he disappeared in short order.

Hal laughed and sat down to watch the quotations on the blackboard. Forty-eight hours later L. & M. went up to 93, and there was a scramble for the stock by many of the speculative brokers. The traders employed by the syndicate took advantage of the excitement to bid the price still higher, and it quickly went to 96. During a lull in operations it fell back to 94 1-2. Later it jumped to 97, and there was another spasm of excitement. Hal believed it would go higher and held on. His judgment proved correct, the price going up to 105 3-8 on the following day. Hal concluded that he would be foolish to look for the last dollar that might be squeezed out of the deal, so he ordered the little bank to sell him out. This was done in fifteen minutes, and he figured that his profit would pan out \$20,000, which proved to be the case when the bank settled with him. He immediately wrote his father a letter telling him about his latest streak of good fortune.

"There is nothing slow about me, dad. I am now worth \$35,000, six-sevenths of which I've made since I got back here from the farm. If I hadn't found that crock of guineas I wouldn't have been able to have made a tenth of what I've captured in the short time I've been out for myself. That proves that money makes money when properly manipulated. With my present enlarged capital I am in line to do even better unless I run up against hard luck," he wrote.

He had sealed and addressed the envelope when the door opened and in walked Clark, Jenkins and a tough-looking stranger. Hal didn't need to be told the nature of their errand. However, he was prepared to deal with them.

"Take a seat, gentlemen," he said, politely, before Clark could open the proceedings, "I will be at your service in a moment."

He drew his desk telephone toward him and put the receiver to his ear. He asked for a certain number, and when he got it he said:

"This is the Oak street police station, I believe?"

"Yes," came back the reply.

"Send an officer up to Room 623, Bancroft Building, Wall Street, right away."

"All right," was the reply, and Hal rang off.

"Now, gentlemen, I am at your service," he said, suavely.

The blustering look on Clark's face had disappeared and he looked nervous. He seemed at

a loss how to proceed. Hal's request for a policeman had rattled him, though he did not connect it with the visit of himself and his companions. The fact that an officer would presently be on hand balked the plan he had in view, and had taken the wind completely out of his sails. However, he had to make some excuse for calling.

"You remember me, I suppose?" he said, sourly.

"I think I have seen you before," said Hal, pleasantly. "Your name is Clark, and you work in the next office."

"Yes. I came in here to ask you to apologize for insulting me last Saturday," said Clark.

He had intended to use the word "demand" instead of "ask," but he thought he had better not.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Hal, in pretended surprise. "Now if I recollect the case rightly, I think it is you who owe me an apology. I shall be happy to accept it from you if you care to make it."

Clark was staggered by what he considered the boy's nerve.

"I think you have a great gall to insinuate that I owe you an apology when the insult was all on your side. You took advantage of me in an unguarded moment and rushed me to the elevator in a way that lowered me in the opinion of those who saw what you did. I desire that you will apologize for doing so."

"If I believed I was in the wrong I should apologize to you, willingly, for I am always willing to own up my shortcomings, but as the act was simply a retaliation on my part for the language you addressed to me, and the attempt you made to strike me, I do not hold myself to blame, consequently I must decline to apologize."

"You refuse to do it?"

"I do, most decidedly."

That was the tough sport's cue to butt in, but he didn't make a move. He had heard Hal's request for a policeman, and he didn't care to make himself prominent under such circumstances.

"Very well," said Clark, loftily. "You will hear from me again."

He nodded at his companions, who rose without a word and followed him out of the office. Hal chuckled as the door closed behind them.

"I thought that policeman call would frighten them off," he said.

Five minutes later the officer appeared.

"The necessity for your presence has passed, officer," said Hal. "Here is a bill to pay you for calling. You can report that the party who was on the verge of becoming obnoxious and dangerous, hauled in his horns as soon as he heard me call for a policeman."

"All right," said the officer. "Much obliged for the bill."

"Don't mention it," smiled Hal. "There is nothing too good for the Finest."

The policeman grinned and took his departure. Hal then locked up and went off, too.

## CHAPTER IX.—Hal's First Customer.

It was about this time that Will Watson wrote Hal a letter. He wanted to know when his friend was going to find him a job in Wall



Street. Hal wrote back that he hadn't discovered an opening for him yet, but as he wanted somebody to look after his office while he was out, he offered Will \$6 a week if he could come on and take the job.

"It will be a sinecure, for I have nothing for you to do except sit in the office and attend to any callers I may have," said Hal. "If, after a trial, you don't like it, you will be in a position to make a change at short notice. At any rate, it will afford you an excellent chance to get acquainted with the city, which is necessary in order to hold a job in New York. Write and let me know if you will come on, and when. There is a hall room vacant at my boarding house, which I can secure for you if you mean to come, but if you want it it will be necessary for you to speak quick."

Two days later Hal received a telegram from Will, informing him that he was coming on, so the young broker hired the hall room for him. Next day, Hal went to Jersey City to meet the train Will had announced he was coming on. It rolled into the depot about four o'clock and Will stepped out of one of the cars, grip in hand.

"Bring a trunk?" asked Hal, after they had exchanged greetings.

"Yes."

"Where's your check?"

"Here it is."

Hal looked up the transfer company's agent and told him where to deliver Will's trunk, then the two boys started across the Hudson River in a ferryboat. This was Will's first visit to New York, consequently he was greatly interested in all the sights around him, like any boy would be who was fresh from a farm. The ride up-town on the elevated train was a novel experience for him, and he enjoyed it hugely. They went straight to the boarding house, where he was introduced to the landlady and his room. As Will was accustomed to a fair-sized room, the six by nine hall bedroom looked awfully small to him.

"When I get my trunk in here there won't be much room left for me," he said.

"Don't worry, you'll be able to make out, all right," replied Hal.

"Is your room as small as this one?"

"It's about the same size. As soon as one of the larger rooms is vacant we will take it together."

Will found that the landlady provided a good dinner for her boarders, and that was encouraging. After the meal, Hal took his friend down Sixth avenue as far as 14th street, thence across to Union Square and up Broadway to Madison Square, where they stopped a while, as the night was a fine one. Then they went on up Broadway as far as Times Square. After walking around an hour they returned to the boarding-house. In the morning they went downtown early, and Hal showed Will over the most important part of the financial district. They arrived at the office at a quarter of ten.

"Sit down and make yourself at home, Will. There's the morning paper. Amuse yourself with it while I attend to business," said Hal.

The business Hal referred to was his regular

morning perusal of the Wall Street and other papers that had been delivered at his office. At half-past ten Hal said he was going out.

"There's a couple of story-books I bought to fill in your idle moments with," he said to Will. "If anybody should come in, tell them I'm out and won't be back probably before noon. Find out their names and what they want to see me about."

"All right," said Will.

Hal spent an hour or more at the little bank, but there was nothing put up on the blackboard that aroused any particular interest in his mind. Then he went down to the Curb to see what was going on there. He found that interest centered around Montana Copper. It was going up and had risen from 8 to 9 since the Exchange opened. Returning to the office, Will told him that nobody had been in. Hal took \$18,000 out of his safe and, taking Will with him this time, he stopped at a mining broker's office and ordered 2,000 shares bought outright for him.

"You seem to have money, Hal," said Will, when he saw his friend plank down the eighteen big bills.

"I couldn't do much in Wall Street without money," replied Hal.

"What do you expect to make out of that stock?"

"I'm buying for a rise. If it continues to go up I shall make a profit. If it doesn't, or drops back, I shall lose."

"That is what you call speculating in stocks?"

"Yes."

"What else do you do?"

"That's all I'm doing at present."

"I suppose a great many people are doing the same thing?"

"The woods down here are full of all grades of speculators. Most of them buy on a ten per cent. margin when the price of the shares is too high for them to purchase outright."

On their way to lunch Hal explained the theory of stock speculation to Will, and he was much interested in it.

After lunch they hung around the Curb Exchange some time, watching the brokers, and during that time Montana Copper went up half a point.

"Since we've been standing here my stock, which I have not received yet, has gone up fifty cents a share, putting me \$1,000 ahead," said Hal.

"Do you mean to say you've made \$1,000 since you bought it?"

"Yes, less the broker's commission."

"And how much is that?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

"Then if you sold it now you'd make \$750?"

"No. It would cost me another \$250 commission on the sale."

"It would? Why, the broker would make as much as you, without any risk."

"But he wouldn't make any more than \$500 if the price of the stock doubled, or went even higher."

"Oh, I see," said Will, as they walked back to the office.

While they were talking in the office, the door opened and a tall, bony, sun-burned man,



in a suit of ready-made clothes that didn't fit him any too well, entered.

"Is Mr. Hall in?" he asked, looking around.

"Yes, sir. Take a seat. My name is Hall."

"Is that your name on the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you a broker in stocks?"

"That's my business."

"You look mighty young. You can't have had a great deal of experience."

"I'll have more by and by. What is your name, and how can I serve you?"

"My name is Garrison. I'm looking for a broker to do some business for me. I don't care, for reasons, to employ any well-known firm, but I must have one who can buy a lot of mining shares for me and buy them quick."

"I can do that. What is the stock?"

"It is called Red Sox, and is selling low at present."

"Yes, I know—around three cents, but I don't think there is much doing in it."

"Do you think you can buy all there is in sight?"

"I know where I can get 20,000 shares right off the reel."

"Do you now? Then I'll give you my order. Get that block and as much more as you can find. I'll give you my check for \$1,000 on account. When you deliver the 20,000 shares to me at the Astor House I'll advance you more money toward further purchases," said Garrison.

Hal made out an order for the purchase of an indefinite number of shares, and asked his first customer to sign it. His visitor did so and then wrote his check for the sum mentioned.

"Give me your business card," he said.

Hal handed him one of his pasteboards.

"I'll call on you in the morning some time and see how you're making out," said Garrison.

"Very well," said Hal. "I'll buy that 20,000 block right away."

The man then took his leave.

"Congratulate me, Will," said Hal, with some enthusiasm. "I've struck a customer at last."

## CHAPTER X.—Hal Officiates as a Broker.

Hal put on his hat and walked into Skinner & Townsend's office, next door.

"Hello!" said Jimmy Dunn, coming forward. "Want to see one of the bosses?"

"Is Mr. Skinner in?"

"Yes. I'll take your name in to him."

"Do so," said Hal.

He was admitted at once.

"Take a seat, Hall," said Skinner. "What can I do for you?"

"I have been figuring on those propositions you made to me."

"What propositions do you refer to?"

"The time you called on me you offered me, among others, 20,000 shares of Red Sox mining shares at 2 1-2 cents, saying that it would pay me to buy and hold them for a rise. If you have the stock yet I'll take it at that price."

"All right. It's worth three cents, but I'll stand by my offer. At the price the block will cost you \$500. Bring the money?"

"Here it is. Make out your memorandum."

Skinner did so and handed it to Hal.

"I'll deliver the shares as soon as I've had them transferred to you."

"Have the new certificates made out in the name of George Garrison."

"George Garrison! Then you are not buying the stock for yourself?"

"Garrison is advancing the money to pay for it."

"All right," said Skinner, who was glad to get rid of the stock, for though it was quoted at three cents there was little if any demand in the East for it, and he had found it impossible to dispose of the block, on which the firm had loaned \$300 and then foreclosed, owing to the failure of the borrower to repay the loan when called upon to do so.

The deal being concluded, Hal took his leave. Then he went down on Broad Street, looking for more of the stock. He came across a broker who had 5,000 shares of it, and Hal got it for 2 1-2 cents, and without having to pay any commission. Later he secured 5,000 more in two lots at the same rate. Then he learned that the firm of Litchenstein & Mandelbaum had a considerable quantity of it, and he called on them.

"Who are you buying this for?" asked Mandelbaum, who received him.

"A customer."

"I can let you have all you want for 3 1-2."

"Is that what you're asking for it?"

"Yes."

"Then I don't want it."

"Why not?"

"You want too much."

"How many shares do you want?"

"How many have you got?"

"If you'll take all we have you can have it for three cents."

"I'd like to know how much you are offering."

"Thirty thousand shares."

"Whew! You have a bunch. I can't give over 2 1-2 for so much."

"Will you take it all if I make it 2 3-4?"

"No. My instructions are to give only 2 1-2."

"I can't let it go at that."

"Very well. You are the doctor. The only thing I can do is to see my customer. If he'll give the extra quarter I'll make the deal. I can't pay more than half the regular commission, you understand, for I've got to make something."

"At that rate I ought to charge you three cents."

"Then you wouldn't make the deal."

"Well, if your customer will pay 2 3-4 cents you can have the stock at half commission, provided you take it all."

"All right," said Hal, taking his leave.

He went back to the office and sat down.

His instructions from Garrison was to pay three cents for all he got, so he didn't make any attempt to communicate with his customer.

He intended to make Mr. Mandelbaum wait,



for he guessed that gentleman wouldn't have another offer on his block of stock.

Half-past three came and then his telephone rang.

"Hello!" he said, putting the receiver to his ear.

"Is this Harry Hall?" said a voice he recognized as Mandelbaum's.

"Yes."

"This is Mandelbaum. What about that order for Red Sox?"

"I guess I'll have to turn it down," said Hal.

There was a pause.

"Say, if you'll take it right away and send the cash for it I'll let you have it for 2 1-2."

"And split the commission?"

"Yes, of course."

"All right. Send your boy around with your memorandum and a receipt for the money and I'll pay for it, then you can deliver the stock when you've had it transferred."

"All right," said Mandelbaum, ringing off.

In fifteen minutes the boy appeared and Hal paid him the money, taking the memorandum and the receipt. Next morning, about half-past ten, Garrison appeared.

"Did you get those 20,000 shares?" he asked.

"I did, and 40,000 more," replied Hal.

"Good! good!" cried the man, in a tone of satisfaction. "That's \$800 I owe you in addition to the \$1,000 I advanced yesterday, besides your commission."

"No, sir. You only owe me \$500. I bought the stock for 2 1-2."

"You did! You're smart. Did you get it all at that rate?"

"Yes," and Hal told him how he had worked Litchenstein & Mandelbaum and got the 30,000 for a cent below what the firm originally asked. "I had to pay Mandelbaum half of the commission, though. He's the only one who stood out for it."

"You're all right, young man. You shall have that half-cent, besides your commission. You have earned it, and I can afford to pay it," said Garrison.

Hal made no objection, for it was \$300 in his pocket, and he was out to capture all the coin he could, honestly.

"There isn't a whole lot more of it in the East," said his customer, "so I'll settle with you now. As soon as you have delivered the stock I'll return West. I won't forget you, and if I can throw anything in your way I'll do it."

"Thank you, Mr. Garrison."

"Don't mention it. If you run across any more Red Sox I advise you to buy it for your own account and hold it for the rise that is sure to come."

"You have inside information about that mine, then?"

"I have. It's a sure winner."

Hal's commission on his first customer amounted to \$750, less \$187.50 he paid Litchenstein & Mandelbaum, which was more than covered by the \$300, or the difference between 2 1-2 and 3 cents in the price of the stock, which Garrison presented him with, so that his total gain amounted to \$862.50. A day or two afterward he bought 3,000 Red Sox for 2 3-4 cents for himself, and on the next day picked up 2,000 more shares at the

same price. Then he went over to Jersey City and found 10,000 shares there, which he got for 2 1-2.

That was all he could find. On the day after the stock was delivered to him the news came out in a Wall Street paper that a rich strike had been made in the mine. The news was confirmed and the Curb brokers began asking for it, offering 10 cents a share. Those traders who had sold their holdings to Hal were sorry they had done so, but none more so than Litchenstein & Mandelbaum. Mandelbaum was simply furious to think he had let such a block of it escape, and he rushed around to Hal's office.

"How do you do, Mr. Mandelbaum?" said Hal, pleasantly.

The broker looked sour.

"Who was that man you bought that Red Sox of me for?" he began.

"George Garrison."

"I know that, but who is he?"

"I know nothing about him, except that he came here from Goldfield."

"It is evident he came East to gather in all the stock he could get, having inside information about the mine. How came he to call on you? You're not a regular broker."

"I couldn't tell you. Accident, I guess."

"No, he picked you out because he didn't want to deal with any recognized firm for fear he'd have to pay more than the quoted price. How much more did you buy than what you got from us?"

"I'm afraid I can't disclose that information. It is a private matter between my customer and myself," replied Hal.

"I'll bet you got about all there was on the market. That fellow has cleaned us out of it, and those who want it will have to send to Goldfield."

"I suppose you're mad over the sale you made with me, but you needn't blame me, for I had no idea that anything was behind the deal."

"If you were smart you would have suspected when he gave you such a large order."

"Why didn't you suspect, then, when I offered to buy all you had?"

Mandelbaum made no reply to that. His partner had already pulled him over the coals for not getting on to the real object of the deal. The fact was, the firm had had the shares so long in their possession that Mandelbaum was glad of the chance to get rid of them, that's why he sold the stock without giving the matter much thought.

"That stock is worth 10 cents a share now, and we're out over \$2,000," growled Mandelbaum. "It's liable to go to a quarter by tomorrow and then our loss will be over \$5,000."

"You shouldn't mind a little thing like that, Mr. Mandelbaum," said Hal. "You will probably make that up this week."

The broker snorted. No matter how much his firm might make that week the loss on Red Sox would be a thorn in his side. He had found out nothing by calling on the boy trader, so he got up and took his departure in a very bad humor. Hal, on the contrary, was in good humor, for he had 15,000 shares of Red Sox in



his safe which had cost him \$387, and he could have sold it that moment for \$1,500. But he wasn't offering it yet, for he looked to see it go much higher.

#### CHAPTER XI.—Hal's Second Customer.

Hardly had Mandelbaum gone off when Skinner, from next door, came in. He was off his perch, too, over the Red Sox trade he had made with the boy trader. The stock had been in the dumps so long that he didn't believe that it would ever amount to shucks. When he made the sale he was glad to get rid of the 20,000 shares, now his feelings had undergone a change. He had sold it for \$500, and it was now worth \$2,000, with every prospect of going higher.

"Well, young man," he said grouchily, "it appears you got the best of me with a vengeance in that Red Sox deal."

"I didn't gain anything but my commission, Mr. Skinner. George Garrison is the lucky owner of the shares."

"Who is this Garrison? I understood you to say that he advanced you the money to pay for the stock."

"That's right. He advanced the money, for the stock was for himself."

"If I'd have known that I would have charged you three cents and half the commission. I thought the stock was for you, and that Garrison was paying for it for you and taking it in his name till you were able to repay him."

"No, it was a regular deal. Garrison was simply a customer."

"I didn't know that you had any."

"I catch one once in a while," smiled Hal.

"Well, we're \$1,500 out on that deal. I hope you'll do the right thing by putting some of your business in our way."

"I will, Mr. Skinner, if you will make a satisfactory arrangement with me."

"What arrangement do you mean?"

"I want you to allow me half the commission on all orders I leave with you. I think that's fair, otherwise I won't be able to make anything on my customers."

"All right. I'll agree to that if you'll throw all your business our way."

"If you handle my own deals on the same basis I'll give you all my business as long as you treat me right."

"That's a bargain. I'll allow you half of the commission on everything you bring into the office."

Having secured the boy's custom, which he had no doubt would grow, for he sized Hal up as a smart young fellow, Skinner took his departure in a much better humor than he had entered the office. In the meantime Montana Copper continued to go up steadily, an eighth at a time, until it reached \$12 a share. The 2,000 shares that the young broker had in his safe were now worth \$6,000 more than he paid for them, which was a very cheerful reflection. Will was getting acquainted with the financial district fast, for Hal was continually sending him out on bogus errands to one large office building or an-

other, which Will faithfully executed, as it was for his own interest.

Hal had an advertisement running in one of the Wall Street dailies in expectation that it would lead to business. He got one or more letters every day from some country party who wanted to find out about Wall Street affairs, and Hal answered all of them to the best of his ability. No business came from them, however, through the mail, and Hal began to think his advertisement was not panning out very well. One morning, soon after the sudden rise in Red Sox, a typical hayseed, carrying a lady's hand-bag, walked into his office.

"I reckon this is Mr. Harry Hall's office," he said, looking around.

"Yes, sir. Take a seat. What can I do for you?"

"I dunno as you kin do anythin' for me, sonny. I called to see Mr. Hall."

"I am Mr. Hall."

The farmer stared hard at Hal.

"You are Mr. Harry Hall, stockbroker! Gosh! I didn't know there was boy brokers in Wall Street."

"Perhaps I'm older than I look," smiled Hal.

"Well, now, mebbe you are. When a man is clean-shaved I'll allow he looks a sight younger than ord'nary. There's are skuleteacher. I took him for a boy when he appeared before the selectmen of our village, and I allowed he wouldn't do at all to take charge, but he showed that he was close on to thirty years of age, and so we engaged him, and he's turned out the best teacher we ever had. Mebbe that's the way with you. You may be the smartest broker in the city for all I know."

"How came you to drop in at my office, Mr.—?"

"My name is Silas Parker, and I'm from Pumpkin Hollow, down in Jersey. I seen your advertisement in the paper, and as I wanted to git some Montana Copper stock I thought I'd call on you."

"It will cost you \$12 a share, but I think it's a good investment. I have 2,000 shares in the safe now that I am holding for a higher price."

"You must be worth money. I can't afford to buy more'n a hundred shares."

"You have to be worth money to do business in Wall Street."

"I reckon you're right, Mr. Hall. Gosh! I was goin' to call you sonny ag'in, but I ketched myself in time, haw! haw! haw!"

"Well, I wouldn't have blamed you. I admit I do look young. Have a cigar?"

Hal opened a drawer, and offered a box of reina perfectos to his visitor.

"I will take a smoke, seein' you ask me to. Them cigars look like the real article. How much might they be worth?"

"Two for a quarter at retail."

"Gosh! as much as that? Them cigars White sells at his general store taste to me like cabbage leaves. He sells 'em two for a nickel."

"Take a couple more and put them in your pocket, Mr. Parker."

"Gosh! I don't want to rob you."



"You're not robbing me. Help yourself. There's more where they came from."

The farmer took two more and placed them carefully in his vest-pocket, as if they were too precious to be handled roughly. Hal struck a match and held it for him to light the weed in his mouth.

"Don't you smoke, Mr. Hall?"

"No, sir. I may acquire the habit some day."

"It's rather an expensive one at two for a quarter."

"Some Wall Street men smoke two for a dollar."

"You don't say? They must be made of money."

"They have a few millions, more or less."

"Gosh! well, now we'll talk business. What are you goin' to charge to buy me 100 shares of Montana Copper?"

"You mean my commission? That will be \$12.50 for buying the stock. It will cost you the same amount for selling later on."

"That's \$25?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nothin' more?"

"Not if you buy the shares outright."

"How else can I buy them?"

"On a five per cent. margin. That is by paying \$500 on account you can buy 100 shares, but you won't own it till you pay the remaining \$700. As you live out of town, where it might be difficult to reach you in a hurry, I would not advise you to buy that way, for if the price were suddenly to drop five points you'd be wiped out unless you put up additional margin. If you buy the shares for their market value they become absolutely yours, and if the price should drop way down you could hold on, without risk, till it went up again."

"I'll buy 'em that way. You kin take my order and here is the money. I suppose you don't object to gold, do you?"

"Not in the least, Mr. Parker."

The deal was made and the farmer counted out \$1,200 in double eagles. He then handed Hal another gold-piece to take his commission out of, though the young broker said he need not pay till the stock was ready for delivery.

"Now, give me your address, Mr. Parker. Shall I send the shares to you or will you call for them? Here's the receipt for your money."

"S'pose you keep 'em in your safe till the price goes up, then I kin send you word to sell 'em when I get ready, and it'll save time."

"Very well. As soon as I get the shares, which will be made out in your name, I'll send you a receipt for them. When you want to sell them send me the receipt with a written order directing me to sell and I will do so."

The farmer nodded, and said he guessed he'd go home by an early afternoon train after he'd looked around town a bit and taken in the sights. Hal shook hands with him and wished him good-day.

"Here, Will, count this gold, put it in that hand-bag and take it around to the money-broker in the next block. Tell him to give you bills for it," said Hal.

"All right," said Will.

"I'm going next door to leave my customer's order. Wait for me and we'll go out together."

Hal took the order into Skinner & Townsend's. Neither of the partners was in so he went to the cashier's window and told him about his arrangement with the firm and handed him the order.

"Take it to the margin-clerk's window and he'll fix it up for you," said the cashier.

Clark came to his window and scowled when he saw Hal. Hal took no notice, but stated his business. Clark, without a word, registered the deal and handed Hal the memorandum. Then the boy rejoined Will at the elevator. At the entrance of the building Hal stopped to talk to a broker he knew and Will went on. As Will left the building with the satchel a smooth-faced man standing near put out his foot and the boy tripped and fell, the satchel flying from his hand. Hal, suspecting the fellow's motive, rushed out and seized him.

## CHAPTER XII.—Hal Makes a Haul in Copper.

The man partly wriggled out of Hal's grasp, drew back his arm and struck at the young broker's face. Hal saw his action in time to avoid the blow by throwing his head behind the fellow. A policeman, who happened to be a few steps away, ran up to collar the rascal whom he had seen trip Will. A passing broker stepped forward and recovered the coins that had slipped out of the hand-bag, as Will scrambled on his feet and looked around for it. The whole incident had taken place in a brief space of time, and did not attract general attention, though a few passersby stopped to look, as the policeman grabbed the man who was struggling in Hal's arms.

"Well, my fine fellow, why did you trip that boy?" asked the officer.

"I didn't trip him. He fell over my foot," replied the man.

"I saw you put out your foot," said the policeman.

"That's what he did. I was only a few feet away and saw him do it," said Hal. "I believe he intended to try and get away with that bag."

"What! me try to steal a bag in broad daylight on Wall Street?" cried the man. "Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No, but I think you're a crook," said Hal.

"Do you want to make a charge against this man for tripping you?" the officer asked Will.

"Shall I, Hal?" he asked his friend.

"No, I don't believe there is evidence enough against this chap to warrant his arrest on any charge but malicious mischief, and it isn't worth while to push that against him," said Hal.

"Well, my man, you're lucky to get off so easily. I have a great mind to run you in, anyway, as a suspicious character. Come now, move off. If I meet you again in this neighborhood I'll take you to the station-house," said the cop. With a scowl at the two boys the man started down toward William street, and the officer walked after him to see that he did not loiter. Hal and Will walked as far as Nassau



street together, then the former crossed over and went down Broad, while Will went on to the money broker's.

That day Montana Copper went up to 14, which added \$4,000 more to Hal's prospective profits. Fifteen cents was offered on the Curb for Red Sox, but no sales were registered. Hal had no intention of selling any part of his 15,000 shares even at that price. On Saturday, Montana Copper closed at 16—a rise of eight points for the week, and a tremendous amount of business was done in it. If it went up 4 1-4 points more during the next week, Hal stood to double his investment, clear of all expense.

Hal wrote Farmer Parker that he was \$400 ahead of the game, and advised him not to hold on too long, as the price might take a tumble any time. The farmer got his letter on Monday morning and returned the receipt for the shares which Hal had inclosed, with an order to sell, telling him to use his own judgment. Hal got his letter on Tuesday morning, by which time the copper stock was up to 18. The boy broker studied the situation as carefully as he could from the Wall Street papers, and from what he heard around the Curb market, and decided that it might be safe to risk the farmer's deal, as well as his own, a little longer. In order to keep his eye on things, he remained around the Curb during the time the market was in session, not going to lunch until three o'clock. The stock closed at 19 1-2.

"I guess I won't run any further chances," he thought.

Accordingly, after taking a light repast, he dropped in at Skinner & Townsend's and saw Mr. Skinner.

"Sell those 100 shares of Parker's first thing in the morning," he said.

"All right," said the broker.

"Here are 2,000 shares I own myself. Sell them at the same time for my own account," went on the boy.

Skinner nodded.

"What did you pay for your copper shares?" he asked.

"Nine dollars."

"And they're now ruling at 20 1-2—a net gain of \$22,000 for you. You're a lucky young man. Now, if you only had some Red Sox I could get you 30."

Hal smiled, but said nothing. At 30 cents there was a profit of \$4,000 in round numbers in his 15,000 shares, but he was in no hurry to sell, for it was not likely that Red Sox would drop, now that it had the ore strike at its back to hold it up. Next morning Skinner executed Hal's orders among others, and when the firm settled with him on both orders he found he was worth something over \$57,000, not to mention his Red Sox shares, and that the farmer had made a profit of \$825. He sent the farmer his \$2,000 by express, deducting the cost out of the \$25, and congratulated him on coming out ahead on the deal. A few days afterward Burt Harris happened to be on the sixth floor of the Bancroft Building. He brought a note to Skinner, the broker, and as he started to enter the

office he saw the sign on Hal's door. He stopped and stared at it.

"That can't be the Harry Hall I know," he thought. "If it is he's got an awful nerve to advertise himself as a trader. I'll see if I can find out."

He carried his message in to Broker Skinner, and when he came out he ventured to open the door of Hal's office and look inside. Hal was at his desk and looked up. He saw Harris' not over-handsome countenance framed in the door.

"Well, Harris, what do you want?" he asked.

"So you've got on office," said Harris. "Do you pretend to be a broker?"

"No, I'm not pretending to be one. I am one."

"A healthy trader you are!" sneered Harris.

"Yes, I'm pretty healthy. I haven't been sick for a long time."

"Aw, rats! How long have you had this joint?"

"Ever since I rented the room and furnished it up"

"Is that so?" growled Harris. "I suppose you expect to make a fortune here?"

"I hope to make a few million."

"A few million, eh? I'm bound to say if nerve will do it you might win out. You certainly have a huge gall to rent an office and put your name on the door."

"I suppose you're jealous, for you know that you'll never have an office of your own if you live to be as old as Methuselah."

"Me jealous of you! I guess not. If I wanted to hire an office and put my name on the door I could do it as well as you. Maybe you think I haven't got money enough to do it? I might have more than you've got yourself. You're only putting up a bluff, anyway," sneered Harris.

"All right, we won't argue the matter. If you came in just to scrap with me you'd better go, for I can't afford to waste my time to no purpose."

"Ho! you talk as big as if you were a real broker instead of a fake."

"Look here, Harris, I don't want to be obliged to put you out, but you are not behaving yourself in a gentlemanly way as you ought to do when you visit a person you are acquainted with."

"Bah! you make me tired," said Harris, getting up, for he recollected that he was losing time that he might be called to account for. "I'll come up next week to see if you're still here. It won't take long to see your finish."

He walked to the door and took his leave, much to Hal's satisfaction. Will was out at the time and when he came in Hal told him about Harris' visit.

"He's the chap who was down to Mayville two summers ago and spread himself around the village, as if he was a person of some importance," said Hal.

"I saw him once or twice riding around in White's light wagon with Tom White. Tom didn't take much stock in him. Some of the girls, however, lost their heads over him and



one of them gave him a lock of her hair when he went away."

Hal laughed and then turned to his desk. That afternoon Hal got his third customer. He was a little old whizened chap named Golding, and he wanted to dispose of a block of 5,000 shares of traction stock. The stock was part of a 100,000 issue at \$10 a share, par value, of a small street car line, running the distance of four miles, between two large villages. The stockholders had only paid \$1 a share for their holdings, expecting that some day it would increase considerably in value.

The backers of the enterprise had an idea that capitalists would eventually build a line from the Harlem River to the nearest of the two villages and buy out the franchise and stock of the little road at a good price. No such thing happened, so the road continued in operation at a loss to the stockholders. To reduce expenses the company ran a car from each end once an hour. The cars were what was once known as the "bob-tailed" variety, having no conductor. The driver looked after the collection of the fares, and the amount of money he turned in at the end of each trip did not give the girl who kept the company's accounts much trouble to total up.

The stock was not listed at the Stock Exchange, and few brokers knew anything about it. There was a small chance of selling it to anybody, even at a big discount, for nobody wanted such a security. Golding had tried to sell it to people he knew in the neighborhood of the line, offering to part with it for 20 cents, or \$1,000 altogether. He couldn't get anybody to take it at any price. Noticing Hal's advertisement in the Wall Street paper one day, he thought he'd call on him and see if he could dispose of it.

"I've got some stock that I'd like to sell," said Golding, after he had introduced himself.

"What stock is it?" asked Hal.

"A. & B. traction. I have fifty certificates of 100 shares each. The par value is \$10 a share, but they never sold higher than \$1, and now there don't seem to be any demand for it," said the visitor, opening his package and handing the stock to Hal.

Hal had heard of the A. & B. traction, and knew that there was no market for it. He knew nothing about the road itself. As he never let a chance slip by to learn all he could, whether it appeared to be of immediate benefit or not, he asked Golding to give him such particulars as he was acquainted with. Golding knew all about the little traction line, and so Hal was soon in possession of all the facts, including the condition of the rails and rolling stock—eight horse cars, only two of which were in service—and the general management.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to find a purchaser for your stock, Mr. Golding," he said, "but, nevertheless, I'll see what I can do. What is your lowest price?"

The caller said that \$1,000 was about as low as he cared to let it go at.

Then he explained to the boy broker how the stockholders built the road in the expectation that it would fill a long-felt want—which it did—and that it would pay expenses and a little over until some big corporation came along and took

it over in connection with a long line they would build to it from New York and beyond to one of the big towns in Westchester.

Hal listened to all Golding said, took down his address, and told him he'd let him know, say, in the course of a week, what he could do with the shares. The traction stockholder took his leave and Hal, after entering the matter in his book, put the stock in his safe and went out to make inquiries.

#### CHAPTER XIII.—No Market for Hal's Stock.

In the course of several days Hal found that A. & B. traction was a dead issue so far as selling the stock in Wall Street was concerned. The brokers he spoke to about it laughed at him and assured him that he couldn't get a nickel a share for it. One morning he said to Will:

"Say, old man, how would you like to take a run up into Westchester County. It will be a change for both of us."

"First-rate," said Will.

"As I haven't anything on hand, we'll make the trip to-day."

They got an early lunch and then took a New York Central train as far as Pleasantville station, where they found a bus which carried them into Pleasantville. This village was one of the terminals of the A. & B. traction road. They called on Mr. Golding at his house and received a cordial welcome.

"I haven't been able to find a purchaser for your stock yet," said Hal.

"I didn't expect you to find one right off the reel," said the old man.

"I am afraid you are not likely to find one in New York," Hal told him.

"If I can't sell it there I'd better give up," replied Golding.

"I've got an idea. If it will work you may be able to sell your stock yourself at something more than you are asking for it."

"What is the idea?" asked the man, curiously.

"Can you get me a list of the stockholders of the road?"

"Easily."

"I want their addresses, too. My plan is for my friend here and I to call on the stockholders in a quiet way and make overtures to them for the purchase of their stock. I don't intend to buy it, but merely to give them the impression that we are working in the interest of a syndicate that is trying to buy up the line as cheap as possible. You must check the list off so that I can recognize those who are very anxious to sell from those who are well able to hold on indefinitely. The former we won't go near. If I can get the larger holders to suspect that the supposed syndicate is ready to pay 50 cents or more for the stock, some of them may take it into their heads to buy up the smaller fry, and in this way you will stand the chance of disposing of your shares at a fair figure. That is the only way I see you can sell it."

"I'll get you the names and addresses of the stockholders and I'll put a cross against those who, like myself, are eager to sell. I will mention other facts that may help you," Golding said.

After leaving Golding's house the boys rode



over the line to Lakeport village, the other terminal. They were the only passengers most of the way on that trip, and they amused themselves asking the driver a host of questions about the road. They tried to give the man an idea that they had an object in learning inside facts about the road. They returned to Pleasantville in time to catch a train for New York. Three days later Hal received the list of names from Golding, with a lot of pointers. In the meantime he told a number of brokers that he had heard that a syndicate had been formed to buy up the A. & B. traction.

When pressed for evidence, he admitted that he had not been able to learn more than the bare fact. He mentioned the names of several big operators who he said were reported to be in the deal. Those he spoke to on the subject did not take much stock in it. Finally he made the acquaintance of the sub-editor of one of the Wall Street papers, and in the course of their conversation mentioned what he alleged he had learned about the syndicate that was going to buy up the A. & B. traction on the quiet. The result was that a paragraph came out in the paper next day giving the news for what it was worth, the editor being careful to state that it lacked confirmation.

Hal bought half a dozen papers and mailed them to the big stockholders of the road. Three days afterward, Hal and Will paid a second visit to Pleasantville and separately called on a number of the big stockholders. In a diplomatic way they approached the subject of buying their stock. They found the people very much on their guard, and their offers of thirty, forty and fifty cents a share for the stock flatly refused. Hal, who saw the president, made a provisional offer of 75 cents to him for all the stock he could turn over. The president assured him that very little of the stock could be bought under a dollar.

"It isn't worth that," said Hal. "In fact, there is absolutely no market for it in New York."

"Then why are you willing to pay 75 cents?"

"We understand that a number of your stockholders are anxious to sell out at any price. We know that a man named Golding has sent his block of 5,000 shares to a New York broker with instructions to sell at any figure above 25 cents. We have the names and addresses of others who we believe are equally as eager to sell. We will get enough to suit our purpose, even though we have to bid high for the last lot," said the boy broker.

None of the men Hal and Will called on would sell their stock under a dollar. Apparently they had held a consultation and agreed to hold out. Two days afterward Golding notified Hal that he had been approached with an offer of 25 cents for his stock, but had refused to sell at less than 35. He reported that several people who held only 1,000 shares each had disposed of their stock at that price. Three days later Golding came to Hal's office and said he had agreed to sell his stock at 40 cents to the president of the road. He had come to get the shares and complete the deal.

"All right, Mr. Golding, but you must not forget that I am entitled to my commission, for this sale, if it goes through, will have been made through my efforts. Besides, you are getting

twice as much for your stock as you wanted, owing to my ingenious scheme. That ought to be worth something," said Hal.

"What is your commission?"

"My commission on stock sold between 25 cents and under 50 cents is \$5 a thousand. That will make \$25 in your case. To this I must add the expenses I have been under, say \$15. Then there is my time and that of my assistant. I will call it square for \$100."

"Very well, and I will voluntarily add \$150 extra, as I am making \$1,000 more than I expected to get. I will send you the sum of \$250 as soon as I turn the stock over and complete the deal. Write a note for that sum and I will sign it. I am good for the money," said Golding.

On the second day thereafter Hal received a draft on a New York bank for \$250, made out by the Pleasantville National Bank, and a letter in which Golding said the sale had been duly completed. He showed it to Will and they both laughed.

"Some people will bite at anything," said Hal.

Just then the letter-carrier left a letter in a lady's hand for Hal. Opening it, the young broker found that it was an invitation from Jessie Milton, requesting the pleasure of a visit from him at an early date.

"We will be at home Wednesday evenings, but if another evening would accommodate you better please advise us by letter so that we will know when to expect you," she wrote.

As Wednesday suited Hal, as well as any other evening, he wrote a note to the young lady, telling her that he would call on the following Wednesday evening, at eight o'clock. He called on the night in question and received a warm welcome from mother and daughter. He passed a very pleasant time with them and was invited to repeat his visit soon again, which he promised to do.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—Running off with a Hand-Car.

Red Sox was now selling at 60 cents on the Goldfield market, but nothing was doing in it East. Hal's 15,000 shares, which had cost him a little less than \$400, were now worth \$9,000, and he was easily worth \$65,000. One morning the young broker received a letter from George Garrison. The writer stated that the company was going to make a change in its Eastern representative, and if Hal wished to accept the Wall Street agency of the company he, Garrison, would see that he got it. He was to put the name of the company on his door, offer a certain quantity of the stock for sale at the Goldfield market rate, and take charge of the transfer books for the East.

"It ought to make business for you," wrote Garrison, "so I don't imagine you will turn this chance down."

Hal wasn't turning anything down that gave him a chance of capturing the coin, so he wrote right back and accepted the agency. On the following week he received his appointment through the president, and duplicate transfer books, blank certificates bearing the signatures of the officers and the seal of the company, and other matter, reached him by express. He sent Will out for a sign painter and the "Red Sox M. & M.



Co." was added to his sign, and also placed under his name on the directory downstairs. He had a circular letter printed, stating that the Red Sox transfer office was removed to Room 623, Bancroft Building, and this he sent to all the brokers in Wall Street.

Then he called on Mr. Skinner and told him to offer for sale on the Curb any part of 10,000 shares of Red Sox at the market price. The shares went like hotcakes. A second batch of 20,000 were put out, and then a third one of 30,000. Thus the exact amount of stock he had bought in for Mr. Garrison, and for which the company paid three cents, was resold by Hal for from 60 to 65 cents, bringing the company a profit of over \$30,000. Hal and Skinner & Townsend divided the commission of \$4,500 between them. The young broker did not offer his own shares for sale, as he felt confident that the price would hold. In fact, Garrison advised him to keep the shares, as he said there would ultimately be declared a dividend which would more than pay him for the little money he had invested in them.

It was about this time that Erie began to take a boom on, due to manipulation of large moneyed interests. Hal bought 3,000 shares through Skinner & Townsend, at 33 1-2, on margin. Then he got a letter from Silas Parker, of Pumpkin Hollow, inclosing a draft for \$1,000 and an order for 100 Erie, on margin. Hal sent it in to Mr. Skinner. He also got a sort of syndicate order from Golding, of Pleasantville, for 500 shares, he and several friends being interested together in the deal, which was to go through under Golding's name. Erie went to 46, but Hal sold his own shares at 43 7-8, clearing \$30,000. After communicating with his two customers, he sold their stock at 45.

As Hal's Red Sox shares were worth about \$11,000 now, he wrote his father that his late successes made him worth an even \$100,000. And the old gentleman wrote back, "Son, you're a wonder!" Christmas was close at hand, and Hal and Will decided to spend it with their people. As it fell on Friday, Hal put up a notice on his door that the office would not be open until the following Monday noon. As they could not leave the office in time to take an early afternoon express, which would drop them at Dover, the nearest point to Mayville the train stopped at, in time to connect with the local that would stop on request at their destination, Hal telegraphed his father to meet the westbound night express at Dover in his light wagon.

Dover was twelve miles by road from the farm and fifteen miles from Mayville by rail. To go there meant a 24-mile round trip for the wagon, and Farmer Hall did not fancy it much, particularly as half of it had to be done in the dark. He telegraphed back that Hal and his friend had better stay in Dover overnight and come on by the early local, which stopped at Dover at seven. The boys didn't like that, and on the way explained their dilemma to the conductor.

"I know you don't stop at Mayville even on request," said Hal, "but considering that it's Christmas, couldn't you strain a point and slow down so that we could jump off with our grips?"

"You should have taken the two o'clock express and then you could have made your connections at Dover," said the conductor.

"I know it, but we couldn't get away from our office in Wall Street in time. I telegraphed my father to meet us at Dover in a wagon, but he sent word back that he couldn't do it. We'd rather get home on Christmas Eve than spend it in Dover, particularly as we have to be back in Wall Street on Monday morning."

The conductor said it was decidedly against orders to stop between Dover and Lansing, a run of forty miles, and that the engineer would probably kick if he suggested such a thing.

"We pass Mayville at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and to slow down to let you off would cause the loss of several minutes," he said.

The conductor told him that they might go through to Mayville on the freight which left Dover shortly after the express. It didn't stop at the village station, but would do so if the conductor agreed to take them as a favor. Accordingly, when the boys got off at Dover they hunted up the freight train in the yard and located the conductor. Much to their disappointment he wouldn't take them under any circumstances.

"We'll have to stay here till morning," said Will, as they watched the freight pull out.

"It certainly seems to be our luck," replied Hal.

As they were crossing the tracks to get out of the yard they saw a hand-car standing on the last track.

"If we only dared pinch that and make the run to Mayville on it," said Will.

"Are you game to try it?" asked Hal.

"Suppose we're caught at it we'll be arrested, and then we may pass Christmas in jail."

"There's no one around so far as I can see. Let's do it."

"But how are we to get the car on the down track? The switch is locked."

"We'll run her down to the switch and see," said Hal, who was ripe for any kind of risky enterprise.

He handed his grip to Will, jumped on the car and began to work the handle, after they had given her a start. The car reached the switch in a few moments. Hal found it had been so carelessly locked that all he had to do was to give the lock a jerk to free it. Then he connected the rails with the main track, and they pushed the car onto it. Hal fixed the branch track as it was before, threw their grips on the car and giving her a good start they got on board and started off into the darkness, gradually increasing their speed till the hand-car was whirling along at a merry clip.

"We ought to reach the station in about an hour at this rate," said Will.

"Hardly. We might do it in an hour and a quarter if we could keep this speed up, but it's my opinion it will take us an hour and a half, for we won't be able to work as fast as this all the way," said Hal.

As they grew tired their speed slowed down, and for some miles they ran along at a very easy gait. A mile to the east of Mayville was an old culvert. The swift express in passing over had jarred it considerably. Then came the slow and heavy freight. Barely had the last car passed over it when one side collapsed. The next heavy car that struck it would surely go down into the stream. The next car happened to be the light hand-car.



Suddenly the end of the car went down and pitched Will over backward on to the still solid part of the culvert. Hal was thrown against the handle and caught a severe thump. The car was not heavy enough to more than bend the rails downward, so the car simply stuck in the break and was stalled for good.

#### CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

Will lay half stunned in the roadway. As soon as Hal got his breath and self-possession back he wondered what had happened. He looked over the side and heard the rushing of the water below very plainly, though he could not see it in the darkness. It didn't take his bright mind long to conjecture that a portion of the culvert had given away, and that the forward part of the hand-car had dropped down and became wedged in it. But where was Will? Had he fallen into the stream and been borne away? At that moment Will recovered and got on his feet.

"Are you there, Will?" Hal asked, seeing his figure in the gloom.

"Yes. What in thunder has happened?"

"A part of the culvert has given way and dumped us. Got a match? Strike one so we can see how things look."

Will lighted a match and went to the edge of the break. Both boys saw the extent of the trouble as the match flared up. Their grips had fortunately slid clear of the break and lay near where Will stood.

"I wonder how the express and the freight got over without being derailed?" said Will.

"It must have been the heavy freight which did the damage, and that the culvert fell in after it had passed," replied Hal.

"The railroad people ought to be notified," said Will, "or the next train either way is liable to get into trouble."

"We'll hurry on to the station, which is only about a mile ahead, wake Josh up and explain the situation to him. He'll telegraph the facts to the proper quarter and the company will send men here to repair the culvert right away."

"Well, let's go on. We can't do any good remaining here."

They picked up their grips and started forward. In fifteen minutes they reached Josh Benton's cottage and Hal began pounding on his door. Josh was awakened. Opening an upper window he asked who was there.

"Hello, Josh! We are Harry Hall and Will Watson."

"The dickens!" cried the surprised agent. "What brings you here at this hour of the night?"

"Get up and come down. There is trouble at the culvert," said Hal.

Josh shut the window, hastily dressed himself and came to the front door. Hal then explained how he and Will had reached Dover by the night express from Jersey City, and not caring to stay all night in town, had taken a hand-car on the sly at the railroad yard and run down the line on it.

"Everything went well with us till we reached the culvert," went on Hal. "Then the car fetched up in a break in the masonry, which had taken place after the freight went through. We left it sticking in the hole."

"Come with me to the station," said Josh.

Arriving there, he opened the shanty up and unlocked his little box of an office. Then he started to call up Dover. He got an immediate reply, and told the operator all the facts as related by Hal. He was informed that the matter would be looked after at once. Everybody at the Hall farm had retired hours before when Hal reached the house and began banging for admittance on the back door under the hired man's window. Sherman was awakened by the racket and stuck his head out.

"Hello! Who's there, and what do you want?" he asked, gruffly.

"Harry Hall is here and wants to get in. Come down and open the door."

They went upstairs together and sought their respective rooms. When Farmer Hall came down in the morning he found Sherman milking the cows as usual. The hired man then told him of Hal's arrival. He went to his son's room and found Hal asleep. He didn't awaken him, but returned to the yard. Hal's mother and sisters were in the kitchen, preparing breakfast when the young broker walked in.

"Why, Harry!" cried the girls, in chorus, rushing at him, "how did you get here so early? The train isn't due till 7.22, and it is just about that now."

After greeting his family he made a full explanation, and they were surprised to learn that he had been in the house since midnight.

At the breakfast table he told about the break he and Will had run into at the culvert.

Hal spent Friday, Saturday and Sunday at the farm, and enjoyed every moment of the brief holiday.

Hal and Will were driven over to Dover at an early hour on Monday morning by Sherman so they could make the east-bound express.

They reached Wall Street a little after eleven and took up business of the office where they dropped it Thursday afternoon. Hal became better known in Wall Street every day, owing to his connection with the Red Sox mining company.

The price of the stock went up to \$1.25, where it practically anchored till another discovery of ore was made, when it went to \$2. That made his 15,000 shares worth \$30,000, a mighty big profit on an investment of only \$387.50. Having in the meanwhile made another lucky haul in the market, his capital was now up to over \$150,000.

He called regularly on Jessie Milton, and Mrs. Milton soon saw that they were becoming greatly attached to each other. On the first of May, Hal moved into larger quarters—a suite of two rooms, which gave him a private office to himself.

Will, who had been taking bookkeeping lessons all winter at a business college, looked after the outer office. Hal also employed a regular office boy and messenger, the young son of his landlady. Eventually he determined to join the Curb Exchange, as most of his business was transacted there. He didn't visit the farm again till the succeeding August, when he was worth a matter of \$200,000, all made during the first year he had been out for himself. Jessie and her mother spent the summer at the farm again, and before Hal left he and the young lady were engaged, with her mother's full approbation.

Next week's issue will contain "ON HIS OWN HOOK; OR, MAKING A LOSING BUSINESS PAY."



## CURRENT NEWS

## 20,000 FILMS A SECOND

Messrs. H. Abraham, E. Bloch and L. Bloch report to the French Academy of Sciences that they have developed a machine that takes moving pictures at a speed of more than 20,000 a second.

## CLOCK DIAL IS A SHADOW

A sickroom clock invented in Switzerland has an electric lamp behind a translucent dial, so that when an invalid in bed presses a button the dial throws the shadow of the hours and hands magnified upon the ceiling.

## TOM CAT AS SECURITY

A mortgage filed with the Register of Deeds at Stockton, Mo., to secure a debt of \$46 includes as security one black tomcat, with white feet, named Tom. As no descriptions were listed with the other articles pledged, it is evident the cat was considered the most valuable part of the security by the mortgagee.

## BARBER PROPOSES TO LEAP NIAGARA FALLS IN BARREL

A Bristol, England, barber, with a home-made barrel, will sail for America next month, and, some time during the summer, proposes to "leap" Niagara Falls. His name is Charles George Stephens, and when not at work in his hair-dressing establishment, his special hobby is spectacular stunts. Among his recent sensational feats are:

Kissing a lion in its den.

Shaving customers in a lion's den.

Parachute descents in balloons.

This modern Daniel, who will dare Niagara, has invented a special barrel into which he will be strapped, and which is fitted with special appliances to enable him to make the dangerous descent over the Falls. The barrel is six feet, two inches high; its diameter at top and bottom is 26 inches, and in the middle, 32 inches. A 100 pound weight fixed in the bottom is expected to keep it upright in the water.

## HUNGRY RABBITS KILL TREES WORTH \$100,000

Hungry hordes of rabbits, believed to be descendants of fugitives from the game preserve of Charles F. Dietrich of New York, have gnawed the bark from and killed 5,000 fruit trees in Dutchess County. The damage is estimated at \$100,000.

The rabbits were unable to get their usual forage because of the blanket of ice and snow that covered the ground. Accordingly, they ate the bark from the trees, beginning at snow level and peeling it off as high as they could reach. They "girdled" the trees, as the technical expression has it. There is no way known of saving a "girdled" tree.

The most damage is near Millbrook, where Mr. Dietrich's preserve of 5,000 acres is a home for deer, pheasants and rabbits. Hunters killed hundreds of rabbits during the winter, but they multiply so fast that no diminution in their numbers is evident. Nursery men and florists agree that a new record for Dutchess County is being set for the purchase of fruit trees.

## BLUE AND PINK SEALS URGED FOR BANK NOTES

A possibility of the near future is a standardization by the government of all United States currency for the purpose of facilitating quick change without the danger of short change.

The Treasury Department at Washington is now working on a proposition to mark bills of various denominations with a standardized color seal, so that any one can recognize notes of different denominations at a glance.

The plan, suggested by R. Frank Beauchant, of Philadelphia, is the outcome of an experience he had recently when he mistook a \$2 bill for a five.

The proposition, which he has submitted to the officials of the Treasury Department at Washington, and which is being considered along with others, provides for stamping the bills with a likeness of national figures, such as Washington, Lincoln, McKinley, etc. As a further mark of identification it is proposed to have a colored seal in one corner of the bill, such as a green seal for a one, a pink for a two, blue for a five, etc.

Mr. Beauchant has received a reply from John Burke, United States Treasurer, assuring him that such changes as he indicates are already under consideration by the government and that his plan is one of those being studied by a special committee appointed for the purpose.

Their consideration of the subject thus far has virtually resulted in the elimination of "colored bills" from the list of feasible proposals, it was said, and it is probable when the new designs are adopted portraits and corner designs, possibly vari-colored seals, will be employed as a means of ready identification rather than other systems of marking.

Treasury officials dislike the idea of using different dyes for the various denominations of bills. They offer as one objection that colored currency "wouldn't look like money"; as another that dyes—even the best—are not uniform and frequently fade or change when the money has been in circulation for a short time, and a third that the special grade of paper used in engraving money "takes" the dyes and inks now in use better than any other.

Carter Glass was the first Secretary of the Treasury to adopt the suggestion of uniformity in bills of the same denomination.

Acting on his predecessor's recommendation, Secretary Houston, when he took over the Treasury portfolio, appointed a committee of experts including W. H. Moran, chief of the secret service, and probably the foremost authority in the United States on currency designs and counterfeits, and William S. Broughton, commissioner of the public debt, to work out a schedule of standard designs. This committee has undertaken this work and probably will be engaged on it for several months.

The public is warned by Treasury officials not to accept at present any bills bearing an unfamiliar design.—Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.



# Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

## A Boy Explorer At the South Pole

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

### CHAPTER IV.—(Continued)

It was a long wait until morning; but the weather cleared at last. Finally the reddish haze marking the course of the sun around the horizon gave them some cheer.

"Look, Madge," said the young midgy, pointing to the rock whereon the end of the broken mainmast reached. "I see some one that looks like your father."

Among other huddling forms was one that assembled the captain, and another looked like Ord, and another still looked like Dr. Carr, the ship's surgeon and scientist.

"Oh, I do hope you are not mistaken, Joe!" murmured Madge. "But how will we ever reach them or they us?"

"The tide is going down and the wind is much lower. Do you think you can remain here, while I return to the vessel for means to help?"

"I will do anything you really think necessary. What do you propose to do, and how will you get there?"

"I will return the way we came out here. But you must not attempt anything while I am gone. Promise me, Madge?"

"I'll promise most anything. But do you promise me not to be rash. With father gone, or perhaps off yonder, I have no one but you."

To say that Joe felt delighted at hearing from Madge how much she valued his safety was more evident than the blush with which she made this confession.

"Don't fear. I will be careful. I'm going to see if the dogs and ponies are safe."

"True enough. We may need them, and lots of other things."

"The fact that others from the stern were able to leave the ship along that fallen spar shows that the waist and bow may be largely intact. The ponies and the dogs were fastened in their pens. All night we have heard their cries. There also may be human beings who are hurt and need help."

"You are always right, Joe. Good-by. Don't be rash with yourself, as I said a moment ago."

Clinging to her refuge on the rocks she saw Hawley crawl nimbly back into the bow, then along the deck, and down into the waist.

Turning, Madge waved a scarf at the dotted figures on the other rock, one of whom waved and shouted in return.

"Is that you, father?" she screamed. "Can you hear me?"

It was Captain Barclay, who seemed to be crippled, and with him were the second mate and the doctor, all three apparently in a very narrow, insecure place of refuge.

Several sailors were among them, and it was a case of the strongest to the best place. The

noise of the receding waves, and the thunder of breaking ice prevented either party being heard by the other party in that wild turmoil.

Presently Madge saw the party on the other rock begin to disappear. They had found some way of descending on the landward side.

She was still watching anxiously, both the ship and the place where her father was, when a heavy hand was placed on her shoulder.

"Well, my pretty girl," began a rough voice in her ear, "ain't you glad to have a strong man to help you out of this, instead of a fool boy who don't know enough to quit the ship?"

It was Ben Rucker, his forbidding face still bleeding from recent bruises received in his escape from the wreck, and his eyes gleaming with an assured light, the light of present possession.

"Where did you come from?" the girl gasped, shrinking from his touch. "Keep your hands off."

"That is your talk, is it? Well, I crawled up from the lee side of this rock. I was thrown overboard when the mainmast hit the bridge."

Here they saw Hawley appear again, leading and pushing one of the ponies over the side. Then he returned to the pens, and as he worked, Madge felt Rucker's hands holding her to the rock. She struck loose his second attempt.

"If you were half the man you pretend to be," she said, "you would be back on board helping to save the animals and other things we may need to preserve our lives in this desolate land."

"I believe you are right. I'll go and help Hawley, but you must give me a kiss first. Just for luck. We may not live to come back."

"Go on. You make me hate the sight of you. Go on."

But he seized her in so strong a grip that she shrieked aloud. Hawley, hearing, started back at once, shouting defiance as he came.

On the rock these things were noted. They had helped Captain Barclay down on the landward side.

"Rucker acts mighty strange," remarked Ord to Dr. Carr, who, though still crippled from his fall, was doing his part nobly among the few still alive and trying to get to land.

"I think he has designs on Miss Barclay—matrimonial designs." This from the surgeon grimly.

"It is a poor time to show off in that line now," was Ord's reply.

After that they succeeded in getting off the rock themselves.

"Mr. Rucker," said Madge, plucking from her girdle a small pistol. "If you don't leave me alone and go!" she pointed to the ship with her other hand, "I'll blow your impudent head off."

Rucker backed away, then smiled grimly.

"Come!" said he. "Hanged if I don't like your spirit. I'm going. If only one of us comes back, and it happens to be me, you'll kiss me then, eh?"

He crawled nimbly to the bowsprit, thence to the ship. Madge, doubly alarmed by the covert menace his words betrayed, called out:

"Don't you dare to do any act of treachery toward him. If you come back alone, I'll kill you. I will! I will!"

(To be continued)



## THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

### GERMAN WARSHIPS GIVEN TO ALLIES

Particulars of the distribution of enemy warships among the Allies were recently published in Paris, according to an Associated Press dispatch dated April 6, from that city. France's share, which, it is stated, is ten per cent. of the total tonnage of all captured enemy ships, with the exception of submarines, represents 92,000 tons, half of which are German ships and the remainder Austrian vessels. France receives five cruisers and ten destroyers and the same number is given to Italy. Each of these powers will also receive a light cruiser and three destroyers, which may be used for one year for experimental purposes, but must be destroyed when that time elapses. France also receives the cruiser Emden, as well as forty submarines now in French ports. Ten of these may be placed in service. France, the dispatch states, is the only power to which the privilege of using captured submarines has been granted.

### ABOUT BREEDING QUAIL

An interesting incident in reference to the breeding of quail was told recently by a gentleman living in the vicinity of Cypress, Texas. He says that an old quail hen nested in his yard, and that during the year three separate coveys of young birds were raised. The party mentioned watched the old bird during the breeding season, and was careful that nothing molested her or her eggs. Early in the summer the first covey came off with twenty birds, all of which were raised. Then another covey of sixteen was raised, and finally, late in the summer, another hatch of eighteen birds was brought off. That makes a total of fifty-four birds raised by one hen this season. The incident offers several interesting suggestions—namely, that the present closed season on the bird is about correct to cover the entire breeding season. It also shows that the killing of quail in September and October is nothing short of murder, as the old birds are too poor from caring for their young, and the young birds too young to be of any value for eating.

### MIGHTY RIVERS RUSH THROUGH SKY

In his spectacular flight establishing a new aviation altitude record Major Rudolph W. Schroeder found trade winds of 200 miles an hour velocity far above the clouds, press dispatches state. The Dayton (Ohio) test pilot merely reported one of the new phenomena resulting from a study of the geography of the air, stimulated by aerial travel, according to a bulletin of the National Geographic Society.

"While the chemistry and physics of the atmosphere are understood, the geography of the air is still practically unknown," say Alexander McAdie in a communication to the society.

"We are aware that there are well marked areas, zones and levels in this inverted bowl, and, though we may not see them, there are mighty rivers, far surpassing any of the rivers of the earth in volume and speed, rushing on for miles and miles, flowing vertically as well as horizontal-

ly. There are vast calm areas and stagnant pools; also choppy seas and regions of great turbulence.

"We are learning to-day that there are various layers in the air, which must be explored and studied before airships can travel in safety. In flying men will use only the lower strata, the cloud levels. Above all clouds are far-stretching heights, which, too, must be explored, not by plane and dirigible, but by the sounding balloons of the aerographer. One might say offhand that there could be no geography of the air, for there are no continents, oceans or visible geographical features in this 'inverted bowl' which we call the sky. Do we not look clear through the atmosphere up into the heavens and, except for passing clouds, do we not know that there is nothing to be seen?

"If the density of the atmosphere remained constant it could all be compressed into a layer about five miles thick. In that case the highest mountain peaks would stand out in space piercing the so-called homogeneous atmosphere. But the density decreases with elevation, and when the aviator reaches an elevation of 10,000 meters he is in a medium which is only about one-third as dense as at the ground. There are no clouds above this level.

"The greatest discovery yet made in exploring the air is that the atmosphere consists of two great layers, the lower extending from sea level up to 10,000 meters, in which there is a steady fall of temperature and elevation. This is called the troposphere. Above this there is no fall and up to 20,000 meters a slight rise. The upper layer is known as the stratosphere.

"It is actually possible to-day for an airplane to rise from the ground to the bottom of the stratosphere, say about six miles, in one hour. If we want to explore somewhat higher, say twenty miles, we install light instruments on a sounding balloon.

"The intrepid aviator who tries to force his way at high speed against an adverse wind meets only with increasing resistance. But when the wind favors, then the winged airman spurns the slow fellow creeping on wheels below. With accelerated speed he passes over moor, mountain or sea, and if need be, vaults over the clouds.

"If the captain of the winged ship is not content with this speed, he has only to climb to upper levels, where the flow of the air increases to thirty and even forty meters per second, and in this stream he would move along with a speed relative to the earth of 200 miles an hour.

"These are not extreme values. In a stiff northwester, which the writer experienced some years back, the wind blew for seventy-two consecutive hours 7,565,000 meters, which is nearly thirty meters per second. This is equivalent to going 4,700 miles in three days, or twice the distance from Labrador to Ireland. The highest speed of the wind for any single hour was 164,000 meters (102 miles). For a period of about fifteen minutes the rate was 120 miles an hour."



## ADVENTURE WITH AN ELEPHANT

By Alexander Armstrong

Upon the northeastern confines of the great table-land, within the territory of the Shaggas tribes, there were some very fine gold mines, and I hoped to make a very good thing among the natives there.

Towards the close of an intensely hot day, which we had spent upon the desert, we came to a broad belt of mountain-forest near the Mombaza.

Quite a stream ran along the foot of the hills, and the foliage was green and rank.

It was a pleasant place, and we considered ourselves fortunate in having reached it.

We had some four or five hours of daylight left, but both we and our horses needed rest, and we concluded to take it.

We had found good grazing spots for the animals, and kindled a fire for cooking some birds we had shot in the morning, and were just bringing some water from the stream, when he were startled by a loud noise from the desert.

I started to my feet and seized my rifle, and rushed to the edge of the wood, where a scene opened to my gaze that affected me in several different ways at the same time.

I was awe-stricken, fearful, delighted, and amazed all in a moment.

A herd of elephants came rushing over the sandy plain, with their huge trunks thrown aloft, and loud cries issuing from their throats, while the very desert quaked beneath the shock of their tread.

They were coming directly towards the spot where I stood; and as soon as I could collect my thoughts I understood why they had taken that course.

The place we had selected for our camp was the only opening of any consequence to be seen from the plain.

As we approached the wood it seemed to form a solid barrier of trees upon the river's bank, save the single break wherein we had pitched our little tent.

Of course the elephants had seen and were making for the same passage.

I merely stopped long enough to see that there were at least a dozen elephants, and then turned and followed my companion on a run.

At a short distance I saw a tree up which I knew I could easily make my way.

"Not there! not there!" cried one of my companions, as he rushed past me.

But I did not understand him, and if I had I should have probably kept on, for I had no time to think further.

The elephants were already within the opening.

The tree I had selected was a sort of oak, tall and lithe, and thick with foliage.

I had only looked to see that it was tall enough and stout enough to carry me beyond reach, and to support me.

As to the particular size of the tree beyond that, I had not thought.

I had fairly gained my perch, and was upon the point of swinging my rifle over the limb

upon which I sat, so as to balance myself, when the foremost elephant passed directly beneath me.

I felt easier.

If he passed, the rest would, I thought.

But not quite.

Directly two more passed; and then came the fourth.

He reached the tree—he stopped—he uttered a loud snort, and then raised his trunk toward me.

"Aha!" thought I. "Old chap, you can't quite come it!"

The fellow seemed to know what I said, for no sooner were the words out of my mouth than he threw his trunk about the body of the tree and gave a vigorous pull.

This animal was the largest of the herd—larger, I think, than the foremost one.

At all events, he was a monster, and I was not long in gaining an exhibition of his strength.

The first pull he gave the tree swayed it considerably; but that was nothing.

It seemed to be only a trial of the wood, to see how great was its power of resistance.

In a moment more he began to put forth his strength.

The first pull he gave the tree swayed it considerably; but that was nothing.

It seemed to be only a trial of the wood, to see how great was its power of resistance.

In a moment more he began to put forth his strength.

His long trunk was wound around the body of the tree some twelve feet from the ground, and not far from eight feet below where I sat, and thus he plied his strength.

The lithe tree shook and bent like a reed.

At the fourth or fifth sway I dropped my rifle.

I found I must either let it go or go myself.

I had hoped that I might be able to put a ball into his eye; but the hope was gone.

In less than half a minute I knew I must go.

The infuriated beast shook the tree as though an earthquake were at work upon it.

My hold was growing weak, my whole body ached, my head was swimming, and my breath was leaving my body.

At that moment, when I knew I must go, one of those thoughts came to me which often flash upon a man when death stares him in the face.

If I were shaken off I should surely fall; and if I fell, of course I could exercise no control over the direction I might take.

As this thought flashed through my mind, I gathered my remaining energies, and made a spring for the elephant's back, and alighted directly on his neck just forward of the shoulders.

The monster took his trunk from the tree and gave it a fling at me, but without effect.

He tried four separate times without hitting me.

Twice he struck sideways, the blows falling behind me; and twice he threw his trunk over his head, the blows falling short.

I had, by the merest accident, gained the very point which the fellow could not reach with any great force.

He could reach me with the end of his enormous proboscis, but not with force enough to in-



jure me; or, if I am mistaken in this, as some pretend to say I must be, he must have been so blinded by passion that he could not aim straight.

But I am of the opinion that there is a point over the shoulders which he cannot reach with a powerful blow.

As soon as the animal found that he failed in that, he gave a tremendous snort, and started at full speed.

The rest of the elephants were out of sight. Which way they had gone I could not tell.

I could see nothing of them, nor could I hear anything.

I began to find that I had caught a Tartar. I had him fast enough, and he had me full as fast.

He struck off into an open path—a sort of sandy road in the wood—where a stream of water seemed to have run at some time.

He went at a furious rate, snorting and bellying, and ever and anon tossing his head in anger.

In a very few moments the water of the stream flashed in the light of the descending sun.

The monster made for it and dashed in.

It was only a narrow river, and in a very few seconds he was across.

The opposite bank was low and sandy, and the edge of the wide field of sand between it and the water.

The monster leaped up the bank, and bounded for the wood.

I now saw the tracks of his companions; they were plain enough upon the soft sand.

At this moment my heart sank.

When the elephant should gain that wood I must go; there was no help for it.

The trees were thick, and I should be swept off by the branches the first thing.

I strained my eyes; I followed the course of the tracks ahead of me, and I saw that there was no opening in the wood.

The elephant could crash along through the dense wood by tearing aside the stout limbs, but the first one could not help casting me off like a feather before a whirlwind.

I had no time for reflection.

Like a flash came the thought of slipping from my seat; but on the instant I saw that that would only be sure death, for my bearer was surely only bent on revenge; and from the manner in which he rushed for the wood, and from his short, vengeful snorts, I believed he was planning to dislodge me by running me against the intervening branches.

I think there was no mistake about that.

Half a minute had elapsed since the animal had left the stream.

A large space was already cleared.

We were approaching the fatal branches at a frightful pace.

In a few moments more—in a few minutes at the outside—I should be lost.

It had been with the most astonishing exertions that I had managed to keep my seat; but I had done it thus far.

Suddenly a hope flashed upon me.

I clung more closely to my place.

I remember reading about how elephant driv-

ers in India sometimes kill their animals when they become crazy with rage.

Why could not I do it?

I had my knife—a stout, sharp, keen, long-bladed weapon, almost like a cutlass.

I drew it, and grasped it firmly.

Then I tried to calculate where was the spot beneath which lay the most vital part of the spinal cord.

I pondered a moment, and my slight knowledge of the anatomy of the brute creation guided me.

I placed the keen, glistening point of the knife upon the spot, just forward of the shoulders—I hesitated a moment to assure myself that I was as near right as I could judge—and then I gathered myself for the effort.

All my power—all I could spare—was thrown into my arms and shoulders.

I clapped both hands upon the heavy haft, and then bore down.

The point penetrated the thick, swart skin; it sank—sank—sank.

I bore down with one mighty effort, for the knife gave me a holdfast now, and the bright blade entered to the hilt.

The huge monster stopped and gave a sharp, nasal cry of pain; he shook like a quaking mountain, and then, without even so much as an effort to the contrary, he settled upon the sand just as an ox settles beneath the blow of the butcher's axe.

I watched his fall, and as he came down I leaped in safety to the ground.

I turned and gazed upon my fallen foe.

For a full minute he lay as motionless as a stone.

Then the great body began to quiver, his legs were drawn up, his head was raised, his heavy trunk lashed the sand; one more raising of the head, and then the eyes closed, and the gigantic form was still and dead!

I started back and swam the river, and met my companions just coming from the wood in search for me.

They had their axes, and when I told them what I had done, they proposed that we should go and get the elephant's tusks, if we could.

I agreed to the venture, and we went.

But it was no slight task to remove the massive ivories.

However, by dint of chopping and smashing into the ponderous jaws and skull we at length succeeded in getting them.

We got them over the stream by means of a rope, as we could not, of course, swim under such a burden.

I came safely out from that adventure, and I felt determined to tempt fortune no further, if I could avoid it.

I reached the gold-mines in safety, and made quite a speculation there.

At any rate, I gained more than enough to pay all the expenses of my trip, and leave me something for my time into the bargain.

From there I went directly to Zeilak, where I took passage in a felucca for Mocha, arriving at the latter place safe and sound.

Three months after that I sold my vessel and started for home.



## FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1920.

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

## NOVEL LENS CLEANER

Almost any ordinary medium that can be used is likely to smear and even scratch a lens in the cleaning. A very perfect lens cleaner can be made by using the medulla or pith of such plants as sun-flower rush, or elder. Strips of the dry pith are cut and these are fastened with an adhesive cement to a piece of cork. The pith may be arranged in rows with small spaces in between. The lens is rubbed gently with the novel cleaner and all marks disappear.

## LAND 75-POUND ROCKFISH

Captain Holmes and James McCooley went fishing off the Green Creek clam beds at Cape May, N. J., April 26. While drifting over the beds Holmes hooked what he thought was a black drum, but to the surprise of these veterans of the bay, when the fish was landed it was a rockfish and tipped the scales at seventy-five pounds.

This is the largest rockfish ever caught in Delaware Bay. Fishermen say that flounders, croakers and weakfish will be plentiful in the Lower Delaware Bay and River this year. Capt. Holmes has caught several heavy weakfish in his pond at Green Creek in the last week.

## STATE HOUSE CEILING FOUND TO BE GLASS

If at times in the last sixty years the deliberations of the Ohio legislators seemed to indicate the presence of brain cobwebs, there was reason for it and all may be forgiven now.

When the State House custodian ordered a thorough cleaning of the Senate chamber, workmen found the ceiling to be made largely of glass, but so thick was the coating of dust and debris that the present generation had supposed it to be of solid wood. The ceiling had not been cleaned since 1858. Four truck loads of dirt were removed from the ceiling.

One of the consequences of the cleaning will be to reduce Ohio's electric light bill, since light will now penetrate into the chamber, if not into the debates, during day sessions.

## HOW TO SAVE MONEY

Ten dollars a month saved and put out at 4 per cent. compound interest, will show an accumula-

tion of \$1,475 in ten years; \$7.50 a month will show \$1,106; \$6 a month will show \$885; \$5 a month will show \$737; \$4.50 a month will show \$633; \$4 a month will show \$589; \$3 a month will show \$442 and \$2.50 a month will show \$368, says the Thrift Magazine.

Any sum saved and invested at 4 per cent. compound interest will more than double itself in twenty years. Save \$10. At the end of the first year you will have \$10.40; in five years you will have \$12.70. At the end of the tenth year your interest will have grown to \$6.20, and at the end of the twentieth year your interest will be \$10.70, or more than double your original sum. Carried along on the same basis \$100 will become \$207 and \$1,000 will grow to \$2,070.

Save 10 cents a day and in ten years your daily savings will be \$365, in addition to \$80.30 compound interest, making a total of \$445.30.

If you save 15 cents a day for ten years with interest compounded at 4 per cent., you will have \$668.18; 20 cents a day will net \$890.99; 50 cents a day will mean \$2,227.73, and \$1 a day will give you a total of \$4,445.74.

## LAUGHS

"Do you find married life 'one grand, sweet song?'" "Yes: A 'symphony in A Flat.'"

Alice—What makes you think your new photographs are so horrid? Gladys—All my girl friends ask for one, but my male friends don't.

"You look just the same as ever," said the Dime Savings Bank. "Well," replied the boy as he shook the bank, "there appears to be no change in you."

"That boy of mine won't do a stroke of work. He just sits around all day and uses bad language to every one who speaks to him." "Why not get him a job as janitor?"

"Did youse git anything?" whispered the burglar on guard, as his pal emerged from the window. "No, de bloke wot lives here is a lawyer," replied the other in disgust. "Dat's hard luck,"

"I doubt if Henpeck ever draws a sober breath any more." "He doesn't, and his wife has no one to blame for it but herself. The first time he fell from grace his wife told him she didn't think it worth while to talk to him while he was in that condition."

"Did you hear how Murphy spoiled his chance of getting an engine?" inquired one railroad man of another. "No," was the reply. "How did it happen?" "Why, they were testing Murphy's eyes to see if he would be all right in colors. Everything went along smoothly until they put out an orange colored card. When the smoke cleared away, instead of having an engine Murphy was in jail on seven different charges, ranging from assault with intent to kill to wilful destruction of property."



## A FEW GOOD ITEMS

### ORIGIN OF "UNCLE SAM"

The origin of "Uncle Sam" as the personification of the United States was as follows: "Samuel Wilson, commonly called 'Uncle Sam,' was an inspector at Troy, New York, of beef and pork, purchased for the government, after the declaration of war against Great Britain, in 1812. A contractor named Elbert Anderson bought a quantity of provisions, and the barrels were marked 'E. A.,' the initials of his name, and 'U. S.,' for United States. The latter initials puzzled Wilson's workmen, who inquired what they meant. A wag answered: 'I don't know, unless they mean 'Uncle Sam.''" A large amount of goods afterward passed through Wilson's hands marked in the same way, and he was rallied on the extent of his possessions. The joke spread, and soon the initials of the United States were taken to mean 'Uncle Sam.'"

### ABOUT OUR STOMACHS

How insulting we can be to our stomachs and get away with it is well illustrated in a report made to Science by Ralph C. Holder, Clarence A. Smith and Philip B. Hawk on some experiments they made at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

It has been said by one of our leading physiologists that "what a man likes best he digests best," but these experimenters proved that so far as actual digestion was concerned an unpalatable meal eaten in untidy surroundings was almost as well utilized as a palatable meal in pleasant surroundings.

Some students were fed for a week on savory food, carefully weighed, in an attractive room and all their excretions were weighed. Then for two days the same kinds of food were made disgusting by mixing together meat, biscuits, jelly, corn-starch, oleomargarine, pudding, &c., in a porcelain dish smeared with charcoal. This they ate upon a dirty table strewn with dirty dishes, while, to make the meal repulsive to the nostrils, some indol was sprinkled under the table. One of the students could not eat it but the other, who managed to get the unsavory mess into his stomach, digested within one per cent. as much of his meals as he had when daintily fed.

All of which proves that it is easy to insult the stomach without arousing it to hit back, but it does not throw any real doubt upon the statement that what we like best we digest best, for the stomach, long-suffering as it is, has its limit of tolerance.

### HANGING IS FUN FOR "FARMER" BURNS

"Farmer" Burns, the great old-time wrestling champion who discovered Frank Gotch and taught the Iowa farmer all he knew, was born to be hung, but not to die that way. Hanging did not inconvenience him at all. He tried it once on a wager and a small wager at that. They arranged a regular scaffold with a three-foot drop, adjusted the hangman's noose with the knot snuggled under Burn's left ear according to custom and sprung the drop.

The wrestler's 160 pounds brought up with a jerk that made the rope hum like a fiddle string and he hung suspended by the neck for nearly three minutes. Throughout that time he carried on a conversation with the bystanders, joking and kidding his "executioners." He was cut down none the worse for wear.

How did he do it? He had exercised and strengthened his neck muscles through long years of training so that they were strong enough to prevent the constriction of his wind-pipe even from the pull of the hangman's noose. In those days, the strangle hold was not barred and Burns had trained himself so that when Strangler Lewis or any of the other strong armed grapplers secured and applied that hold the Farmer could work his head free from the dangerous grasp.

You do not have to flop to the wrestling mat to have the strangle hold applied to you nowadays. Hard luck or hard times or illness or disaster or old age may shut your financial wind off at any time and gradually force your shoulders closer to the padded canvas until the slap of the referee's hand on your opponent's back declares you the loser of the struggle.

But you can strengthen your neck, just as Farmer Burns did. Constant and regular exercise in saving will do it, the putting aside of a certain definite amount of the envelope each pay day. Burns used weights to exercise his neck muscles. War Savings Stamps, Treasury Savings Certificates and Liberty Bonds are the best apparatus for financial exercise. They can be adjusted to the financial strength of any neck, rich or poor.

If you have exercised with them, then when you bring up with a jerk at the end of your financial rope you can hold out until the pressure is removed.

### PEOPLE INCLINING TOWARDS THRIFT

Indication that the public has ceased to be spendthrift and is again inclining toward thrift and sound investment is seen in the heavy inquiries for small denomination Liberty Bonds at banks and brokers throughout the country.

The demand has reached the Treasury Department, many dealers having exhausted their available supply of the "popular" sizes of these securities, it was announced by the Savings Division of the Treasury Department.


To supply the large "over the counter" demand for \$50 and \$100 bonds at present favorable market prices, the Treasury Department has issued instructions to the Federal Reserve Banks which will expedite exchange of bonds of larger denominations for the small units.

The instructions also provide ways and means by which banks and dealers may obtain the smaller denominations in the first instance if their customers require them.



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## FROM ALL POINTS

### WOMAN FLIES TO MOROCCO

A French aviatrix has arrived at Rabat, Morocco, from Paris by air, having made the flight in two days. This is the first case of a woman flying from France to Morocco. Her route was via Toulon, Barcelona, Valencia, Alicante, Granada, Malaga and Tangier. The distance covered was about 1,150 miles.

### ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS BY AIRPLANE

An elaborate campaign of exploration in the Arctic regions by airplanes has been under discussion in Germany for a year past. It is proposed to establish the principal base on the west coast of Spitsbergen, and to use a considerable number of airplanes, always flying in pairs. Relatively slow machines of large carrying capacity would be used for laying out depots and marking routes, while lighter and faster machines would be used for explorations.

### SULPHUR MINE IN CRATER

In the crater of a snow-capped volcanic mountain on Unalaska Island, one of the Aleutian group, is a large deposit of sulphur, believed to contain from 10,000 to 15,000 tons, says *Popular Mechanics*. A claim has been filed for the location, and mining operations probably will start in the near future. Subterranean heat and a hot vapor, the latter issuing from cracks in the rocks, keep the deposit free from ice and snow, though these permanently cover nearly all of the remainder of the peak, which is about 6,000 feet in height. Another sulphur deposit has been discovered on Akun Island, in the same group, and a third near Stepovak Bay, on the southern shore of the Alaskan Peninsula.

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## NEW FOOD IN PARIS

Since the price of a cutlet has risen to that of the pre-war leg of lamb, Paris has taken to experimenting in strange foods.

Some weeks ago lion steaks were served at a luncheon party in a famous restaurant. Now humps of camel are being offered for sale in the Montmartre. Where the camel came from is something of a mystery, but the keeper of a private zoo, hit by the high cost of living, is suspected of having made the sacrifice. When dressed the animal provided more than 700 pounds of good meat.

The first difficulty arose when it had to be classified by customs officers at the city gates, who levy a small toll on all foodstuffs. After long discussion they came to the conclusion that it was game, and charged for it accordingly.

Like goat and venison, it has been decided that camel will perhaps improve with keeping, and a sale is announced to take place. For the cheapest parts 3 francs a pound is to be charged. The hump will go for 5 francs, and filet 8 francs.

With its legs sticking pitifully into the air outside the butcher's shop, this "ship of the desert" awaits the decision of Paris chefs.

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## DRINK

If you know some one who drinks whisky, beer, gin or any other alcoholic beverages, to his injury, you may obtain FREE, a very helpful book by writing to Edw. J. Woods, DA-103, Station F, New York, N. Y. It shows how to conquer drink habit.

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# Gained 25 Lbs. in 2 Months SINCE QUITTING



## TOBACCO HABIT

**HJALMAR NELSON** (address on application), whose photo appears at the left, learned of my book and other information being given **FREE**, explaining how Tobacco Habit can be conquered by oneself, safely, speedily and completely. He obtained the information and reported a gain of 25 pounds, as well as

### VICTORY IN THREE DAYS OVER SLAVERY TO TOBACCO HABIT

**HERE** are more letters—voluntary testimonials. Though they are a small fraction of the thousands and thousands that can be produced, they are sufficient to show you what may be expected after the **TOBACCO HABIT** is overcome within 72 hours by the simple Woods Method. **READ THESE!**

"While addicted to the tobacco habit every muscle and joint ached, and I had almost given up business. I was poor in health, weighing about 130 pounds. Now I am well, weigh 165 pounds, and can work every day. I have never wanted to chew or smoke since following the Woods method."—A. F. Shelton. (Full address on application.)

"I have no craving for tobacco; this I consider wonderful after having used a pipe for 35 years. I have gained 12 pounds in two months, which is very good at the age of 59 years. To say that the benefits far exceed my expectations is putting it mildly. Anyone in doubt can refer to me."—John Brodie. (Full address on application.)

"I had weighed as low as 128 pounds, never got over 135 while I used tobacco. Now I weigh 156 pounds. Everyone wants to know why I got so fleshy; I tell them to follow Edward J. Woods' method for overcoming tobacco and find out."—W. S. Morgan. (Full address on application.)

"May God bless you. I am feeling finer every day of my life—not like the same person. My appetite is better, and my stomach is all right. I can hold out in walking better, my voice is better and my heart is stronger."—Mrs. Mattie E. Stevenson. (Full address on application.)

"Have used tobacco in all forms (mostly chewing) for 15 years, using about a plug of tobacco a day. I began following your Method on a Friday noon and after that day the craving for tobacco was gone. I am always ready to praise you and the good work you are doing. I can also say that I have gained nine pounds in seven weeks, and feel like a new man."—Robert S. Brown. (Full address on application.)

"My husband hasn't smoked a single cigarette, and has no desire to smoke since following your method of quitting. He looks like a new man—the best I ever saw him. He gained seventeen pounds, and is feeling fine."—C. C. Rogers. (Full address on application.)

## QUIT TOBACCO EASILY NOW!

### STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE

Why continue to commit slow suicide, when you can live a really contented life, if you only get your body and nerves right? It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to rid oneself of tobacco by suddenly stopping with "will power"—don't do it.

The correct way is to eliminate nicotine poison from the system and genuinely overcome the craving.

Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures the health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas belching, gnawing or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, melancholy, lung trouble, impure (poisoned) blood, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders.

Overcome that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff.

Here is an opportunity to receive **FREE** a reliable treatise on the subject, containing interesting and valuable information that you should be glad to have. This book tells all about the renowned Three Days' Method by which Mr. Nelson, and thousands and thousands of others, saved themselves from the life-wrecking tobacco habit. The book on tobacco and snuff habit will be mailed **FREE TO YOU** in plain wrapper, postpaid.

# FREE

All you need do is merely **REQUEST IT** by using this coupon or writing a letter or postcard to the address below:

Edward J. Woods, Station F, New York, N. Y.:  
Mail me, **FREE**, your Book on How to Conquer Tobacco Habit in Three Days.

Name.....

Address.....

TA-103.....



"I sleep well and have no more restless or nervous feeling. I am past seventy-eight years of age, and feel fine since adopting the Woods Method."—John P. Monter.

## EDWARD J. WOODS

TA-103, Station F, New York, N. Y.



## SUGAR FROM SAWDUST

High grade sugar can be made out of ordinary sawdust at a cost of about 3 cents a pound, according to Robert Hyde, a University of Manchester graduate and a chemist of Colwell Street, Pittsburgh, who says he has invented a process for effecting this wonderful transmutation. One pound of sawdust will make three-quarters of a pound of sugar. The chemist displayed a sample of sugar which he said had been extracted from sawdust. In discussing his invention, Hyde said:

"While I was studying chemistry in Germany an old professor made a statement one day about the properties of sugar that left a lasting impression on me. I set out to apply his statement to the extraction of sugar from wood. Experiment after experiment failed. After eight years' research, quite by accident one day in my laboratory I upset a flask containing a certain liquid on some excelsior. The effect was peculiar and I investigated. The result was the realization of my dream. If made by hand the sugar will cost approximately 3 1-2 cents a pound, while if made by machinery would cost about 2 cents a pound.

# New Hair Growth After BALDNESS

## HAIR GROWN ON MR. BRITTAIN'S BALD HEAD BY INDIANS' MYSTERIOUS HAIR GROWER

My head at the top and back was absolutely bald. The scalp was shiny. An expert said that he thought the hair roots were extinct, and there was no hope of my ever having a new hair growth.

Yet now, at an age over 66, I have a luxuriant growth of soft, strong, lustrous hair! No trace of baldness. The pictures shown here are from my photographs.

### INDIANS' SECRET OF HAIR GROWTH



Photo when bald.

At a time when I had become discouraged at trying various hair lotions, tonics, specialists' treatments, etc., I came across, in my travels, a Cherokee Indian "medicine man," who had an elixir that he asseverated would grow my hair. Although I had but little faith, I gave it a trial. To my amazement a light fuzz soon appeared. It developed, day by day, into a healthy growth, and ere long my hair was as prolific as in my youthful days.

That I was astonished and happy is expressing my state of mind mildly. Obviously, the hair roots had not been dead, but were dormant in the scalp, awaiting the fertilizing potency of the mysterious pomade.

I negotiated for and came into possession of the principle for preparing this mysterious elixir, now called Kotalko, and later had the recipe put into practical form by a chemist.

That my own hair growth was permanent has been amply proved. Many men and women, also children, have reported satisfactory results from Kotalko.



From recent photo.

## How YOU May Grow YOUR Hair



For women's hair.

My honest belief is that hair roots rarely die even when the hair falls out through dandruff, fever, excessive dryness or other disorders. I have been told by experts that often when hair falls out the roots become imbedded within the scalp, covered by hard skin, so that they remain for a time like bulbs or seeds in a bottle which will grow when fertilized. Shampoos (which contain alkalis) and hair lotions which contain alcohol are enemies to the hair, as they dry it, making it brittle. Kotalko contains those elements of nature which give new vitality to the scalp and hair. To prove the GENUINENESS of Kotalko, I will send the recipe FREE on request. Or I will mail a testing box of Kotalko with the recipe for 10 cents, silver or stamps, if you mention this publication. Satisfy yourself. You want to stop falling hair, eliminate dandruff or cover that bald spot with healthy hair. Get the dime testing box NOW, apply once or twice daily—watch in your mirror! Address:

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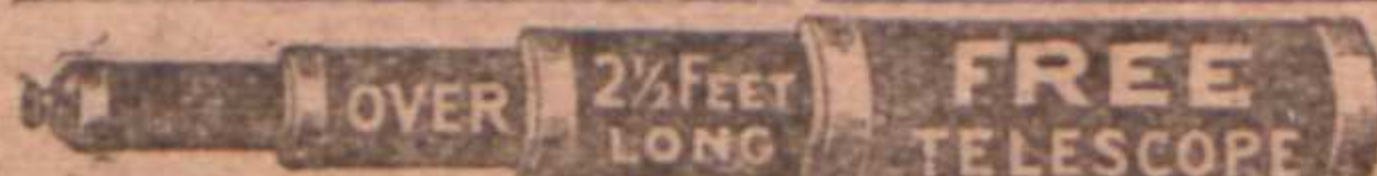
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Stuart, Nebraska, Jan. 9, 1920

James W. Greely, Portland, Maine.

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